AWARD BOOKS
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The Mass Murderer

Why does he kill? Who are his victims?
How can the potential mass killer be identified?
What can society do to protect itself?

BRAD STEIGER

with an Afterword by Dr. W. John Weilgart

CHARLES WHITMAN—his mind a storm of violently conflicting
ties and hatreds—mu s his beloved mother, his auti
ful young wife, and in utes unrelieved horror, rains
death from the clock to ege campus.

RICHARD SPEC e ta who had himself branded
'Born to Raise " ades ors of a student-
nurses' dormit eight young women
with a knife he sev pe ns."

HOWA UNRUH strolls Camden, New
Jerse 2 minutes takes lives of 13 people in retalia-
tion inary.

EAR izes his
need two vic-
tims up the ming stairs.

ERNIE INGENITO— s to let
enal

CHARL year-old girlfriend on
a violent journey that leaves 11 victims in its wake. WILLIAM
COOK kills all five members of the family that stopped to offer
help. MELVIN DAVIS REES terrorizes the highways in pursuit of
female victims in a deserted barnyard shed. And MAGDALENA

"He was such a nice young man . . ."

"He had a very gentle appearance . . ."

"He had these wide, innocent blue eyes . . ."

"He was quiet. Kept to himself. Wouldn't hurt a fly . . ."

The "nice young man" was Charles Whitman who killed sixteen and wounded thirty-two in an hour and a half of incredible horror. Richard Speck was described by the sole survivor of his night of terror as having "a very gentle appearance." Earle Nelson, the landlady killer who claimed twenty-two victims, had "wide, innocent blue eyes." Quiet, retiring Howard Unruh walked calmly out of his house one morning and claimed thirteen victims before he was captured.

What makes a nice man, a gentle man, a quiet man suddenly take up arms and become a desperate man, a driven man, a killer? What ugly distortions cloud the innocent blue eyes with a blinding and inescapable light? What terrible pressures cause the model boy or the solid citizen to erupt suddenly into acts of uncontrollable violence? And most importantly, what can be done to *detect* the mass murderer before it is too late to *prevent* him? The author has both raised and answered these questions in this provocative and disturbing new book.

The
Mass Murderer

BRAD STEIGER

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I.

RICHARD SPECK: BORN TO RAISE HELL

At 12:30 Sunday morning, July 17, 1966, Dr. LeRoy Smith, resident surgeon on trauma duty at Chicago's Cook County Hospital, made a hasty appraisal of the bloodied derelict who had just been brought in from a skid row flophouse on West Madison Street.

Dr. Smith checked the identification card. "Well, Mr. B. Brian," he mumbled, more to himself than to the semiconscious patient, "what is it with you? The usual Saturday night brawl?"

Brian was bleeding from a cut under the left elbow, plus a cut vein and a superficial slash on the bony portion of his right wrist. "Or was it attempted suicide?" Dr. Smith reconsidered as he lifted the man's head and studied the features. B. Brian was a dishwater blond with a long nose and a slack mouth. His cheeks were pock-marked and his skin had a pallor indicative of a diet that was predominantly liquid.

Dr. Smith's eyes narrowed reflectively. There was something about this man, something familiar. The doctor's attention became fixed upon the patient's blood encrusted upper left arm. He could make out a "B" beneath the caked gore and there was a hint that a more complete message had been tattooed in a bluish scrawl. Dr. Smith moistened his fingertips and began rubbing away the dried blood.

"Get tonight's paper," he said to the attending nurse, Kathy O'Conner.

When the nurse returned with the evening paper, Dr. Smith glanced briefly at the picture on the front page. Grasping the patient's upper left arm, Dr. Smith read aloud the motto that had been needled into the man's flesh: " 'Born To Raise Hell.' This is the man the police are looking for. Get hold of them right now."

While the doctor waited for the police to arrive, he continued to care for the patient. "What is your name?" he asked the man as he prepared him to receive a transfusion of blood plasma.

"Richard Speck," the man said in a weak whisper. "Do you collect the $10,000, Doc?"

Dr. Smith was too stunned by the question to reply. Before him lay the man who had been accused of murdering eight student nurses in a manner so savage that Dr. Edward Keller, head of Chicago's Psychiatric Institute, was prompted to say: "The murders must have taken some planning. It was not an impulse thing. He was a sexual psychopath, a deep-down woman hater who was completely gratified by what he did."

What kind of man could be "completely gratified" by brutally stabbing and strangling eight lovely young girls? What obscene and perverted desire could have caused him to commit atrocities that made hardened Chicago policemen blanch and turn away from the grisly tableau they found at 2319 East 100 Street?

After finishing with his unenviable task, Coroner Andrew Toman had told newsmen: "In my six years as a coroner, and in many years as a police surgeon, I have never seen anything this bad. This is the crime of the century."

At this writing, Richard Speck recently has been declared physically and mentally able to stand trial for

the murder of the eight nurses, but no date for the trial has been set. Until, under cross-examination, the psyche of the murderer has been probed, we can only speculate about what went through Richard Speck's mind on the terrible night of July 14, 1966.

The eight nurses were all students at the South Chicago Community Hospital. Three were graduate nurses from the Philippines, the other five were American girls. They lived in a townhouse on the south side of Chicago in a pleasant neighborhood known as Jeffrey Manor. Their neighbors regarded them as quiet, serious, and well-mannered model tenants, who were "good people, the daughters, sisters, and sweethearts of other good people."

"I have always wanted to be a nurse," Pamela Lee Wilkening, twenty, had written when she had applied for training. "I never liked to see people suffer."

Earlier that evening Wednesday, July 13, Luisa Silverio, a Philippine exchange nurse, had stopped by the dormitory and had been invited to stay for dinner by Valentina Pasion, twenty-three, and Corazon Amurao, twenty-three, also Philippine nurses. As a special treat, Valentina had prepared some *pancit,* a Philippine dish of noodles and vegetables with pork. On any other night, Luisa would have quickly accepted the invitation of her friends. But, on this particular night, she said that "something about the house bothered me. It seemed so queer and dark, as if nobody was inside."

Luisa Silverio made her apologies, returned to her own dormitory—and safety.

When Richard Speck broke into the kitchen around midnight, he had to pass the bulletin board where a note issued the admonition that "Students are not to allow anyone into the townhouse without the housemother being there."

The intruder crept upstairs to a front bedroom where Corazon Amurao was sleeping. "There was a knock at my door," the sole survivor of the mass killing later told police, "and when I opened it, there was a man standing there. The first thing I noticed about him was the strong odor of alcohol.

"He had a gun. He made me go down the hall to another bedroom. He stopped at this bedroom and awakened three girls there. He made the four of us go into the other bedroom where two girls were sleeping.

"He kept telling us that he wouldn't hurt us. He said that he just needed money to go to New Orleans, and if we gave him the money, he would leave us alone.

"He used a knife to tear and cut bedsheets and kept talking to us in a soft voice."

Before Speck would bind and gag each of the girls, he would ask her where she kept her money. When the girl had either obtained the cash she had on hand or indicated where the soft-spoken intruder might find it, Speck would truss her up and make her lie down on the floor.

Suzanne Farris, twenty-one, who planned to marry the brother of another nurse, Mary Ann Jordan, twenty, had been riding around in Mary Ann's car, discussing the approaching marriage with her future sister-in-law and a friend, Pat McCarthy. They had stopped at a small cafe for Cokes, then drove Miss McCarthy back to her dormitory apartment where they continued to talk about the wedding.

Suddenly, the girls noticed that it was fast approaching 12:30, the nurses' deadline to be in their respective residences. Mary Ann Jordan, who lived at home, decided to sneak into Suzanne Farris' dorm to spend the night. Pat McCarthy was invited to join them but she refused because she had early duty at the hospital the next morning and suspected that her friends would chat about the wedding until the wee hours.

At 12:25, Suzanne Farris and Mary Ann Jordan left Pat McCarthy at her dormitory and walked the few yards to the entrance of 2319 East 100 Street. There, the two girls met Gloria Jean Davy, twenty-two, who was also rushing to beat the 12:30 curfew. Giggling about their close call, the three nurses closed the door behind them.

"There were some light outcries by the girls who came in late, but it wasn't much," Miss Amurao remembers.

Speck waved the gun at the three newcomers, repeated the assurance that he meant them no harm, and asked them to give him their money.

"They gave him money and thought that would satisfy him," Miss Amurao said. "They obviously had no idea what was on his mind."

Once Speck had collected the available cash, he bound and gagged the three girls and made them lie down on the floor with the six other girls. For a time, the intruder sat on the floor in the midst of the girls, saying nothing, only fingering the knife he had used to prepare their bonds.

"Then he took one of the girls out of the room," Corazon Amurao told police. "After a few minutes he came back alone and took another of the girls."

It was obvious to Miss Amurao what was on the mind of the tall, blond man with the soft voice. She and Merlita Gargullo, twenty-two, set about loosening their hands.

"When I am free," she whispered to the others, "I shall untie you. Then I will pick up a steel bunk ladder and hit him over the head with it. The seven of us can easily overpower him if we all leap on him at once."

"Lie still, Cora," one of the American girls told her. "He's told us that he meant us no harm. Let's not start anything that will make him do anything crazy."

"Then what is he doing to the two he has already taken out of the room?"

The other two Philippine nurses agreed with Corazon Amurao and urgently tugged at their bonds. In harsh whispers they tried to convince the American girls that their best chance lay in jumping the intruder rather than in lying there helplessly while he decided what he wanted to do with them.

"But the American girls argued that the man did not appear violent and did not talk violently," Miss Amurao later told Consul General Generoso Provido of the Philippines. "They felt it was best to remain calm."

"Maybe if *we* are quiet and calm, *he* will remain quiet and calm," one of the American girls had whispered to the Philippine nurses.

When she saw that it was useless to continue to urge her friends to act, Corazon Amurao rolled under one of the bunk beds and hid. There she prayed and cringed while the intruder took the girls one by one out of the room. None uttered more than "a little scream," she recalled later. "I rolled under the bed clear against the wall. I stayed under the bed for hours and hours."

In the frenzy of the horrible acts he was perpetrating, Richard Speck either lost track of the number of his victims or else he had known that the dormitory housed eight girls and was unaware that there were nine present that night, since Mary Ann Jordan had come to sleep there. At 5:00 A.M. Corazon Amurao heard an alarm clock go off. Then, summoning her courage, she crept out from under the bed, and crawled onto a balcony ledge, shouting hysterically: "All my friends are dead! Oh, God! I am the only one alive!"

Mrs. Betty Windmiller, a neighbor, and Robert Hall, who was walking his dog, hurried toward the sounds of the screams.

"Don't jump!" Mrs. Windmiller shouted to the distraught girl. "Go back inside." While Hall ran home to call the police, Mrs. Windmiller ran into the center of the street and flagged down a squad car driven by Patrolman Daniel Kelly.

Kelly, twenty-five, just eighteen months on the squad, knew the house and the girls who lived inside. He had dated the sister of Gloria Davy. He radioed for assistance, then entered the house through the back door, which Speck had left unlocked. Behind him came Officer Leonard Ponne, who had been summoned by Mr. Hall. On the couch in the downstairs living room, they found Gloria Davy's naked and lifeless body. She had been strangled and mutilated.

Across the sill of the upstairs bathroom lay a second victim. In the middle bedroom, the blood from three more bodies had drenched nightgowns, bedspreads, and carpeting. In the other bedroom were the corpses of three more nurses.

"They were strewn all over the place," Patrolman Kelly later told newsmen. "There was blood everywhere. It was something that just cannot be described in words."

Sue Farris had been stabbed nine times and strangled, her body left in the bathroom. The corpse of Mary Ann Jordan was found in a front bedroom, stabbed five times. Pat Matuske, twenty-one, lay next to her, strangled to death. Pam Wilkening had been stabbed in the heart. In an adjoining bedroom lay Nina Schmale, twenty-one. She had been slashed four times in the neck and strangled. Merlita Gargullo had been killed by a six-inch deep knife wound in the side of her neck. Valentina Pasion had been stabbed four times and strangled.

Despite his own shock, Patrolman Kelly managed to calm Miss Amurao and to obtain a description of the killer from her. Within minutes after the preliminary investigation, patrol cars and precincts had received the report that a white man, approximately twenty-five years old, six-feet in height, 170-pounds in weight, with brownish-blond hair had murdered eight student nurses.

Immediate parallels were drawn to the mysterious "Boston strangler," who had terrorized the Massachusetts city with his murderous predilection for nurses. It was theorized that Chicago might also be harboring a psychopath with a violent hatred of nurses, who might strike again and again.

The psychiatrist for Chicago's Municipal Court classified the crime as a "murder-sex orgy," and even though none of the girls had been sexually violated, Homicide Commander Francis Flanagan stated that "a sex motive must be read into this crime."

"This is the work of a madman," the executive director of the council at South Chicago Hospital said. "I don't know how society can protect itself against this. Everybody who lives in a home runs the same risk."

Newspapers recalled the mass murders committed by Howard Unruh, Charlie Starkweather, and the anonymous gunmen at Chicago's St. Valentine's massacre. But, observed the crime reporters, none of those murders, repugnant as they may have been, carried the savage deliberateness that marked the vicious one-by-one slashings and stranglings of the eight student nurses.

Commander Flanagan himself lived in Jeffrey Manor and had been able to walk to the scene of the murders in about five minutes. A veteran of 3,000 homicide investigations, the detective was appalled at what he found in the townhouse. The method in which the girls' bodies had been stacked one on top of the other reminded him of a Nazi prison camp.

The Commander knew that the manpower available to him at the moment was meager. For several days, 1,500 Chicago police officers had been actively involved in checking the riots that racial strife had torn up in several sections of the city. In spite of the fact that their men were hard pressed in their efforts to "cool off" the long, hot summer of racial unrest, several detective chiefs notified Commander Flanagan that he might expect several additional men from their stations to be placed at his disposal.

Detectives complained that the description Miss Amurao had given Patrolman Kelly would fit enough men to "fill Soldier's Field." Chief of Detectives Otto Kreuzer told reporters: "I pray to God that something will turn up in the way of physical evidence."

To begin with, all the officers had to go on was Miss Amurao's recollection of the young killer's repeated explanation that he needed their money because he wanted to get to New Orleans. Although Commander Flanagan had immediately discounted robbery as the principal motive for the murders, it made sense to him that the fugitive might indeed be heading for New Orleans, long acknowledged to be an ideal port from which an itinerant seaman on the lam might ship out.

Two other pieces—at first nebulous—then began to fall into place in the perverse jigsaw puzzle. Detectives Carlisle and Wallenda had reported their conclusion that the killer had been both a convict and a seaman. As they had watched the pathologists remove the bindings from the wrists of the murdered nurses, they had observed that the bonds had been tied in expert square knots and that the hands had been tied behind the girls with the front of the wrists against each other and the palms facing the sides of their bodies. This was the manner in which law enforcement officers handcuffed their prisoners.

An amateur will usually tie someone's hands with the palms straight down in a manner that will eventually permit the captive to work the rope around and get at it with his fingers. In their opinion, whoever had tied the knots had been arrested at some time and had also put in enough time at sea to learn how to execute the proper tying of a square knot. The other piece of the puzzle that made the seaman thesis become quite tenable was the fact that the hiring hall of the seaman's union was less than half a block away from the scene of the murder.

Detectives assigned to check out the union hiring hall were informed that a man matching the description of the killer had been in that Monday July 11 and had asked about a job on a ship for New Orleans. He had been told that the only opening had been on an ore boat sailing out of Indiana Harbor. He was too late for the ore boat job, but he had returned on Wednesday and filled out an application for the hall's files. He had given his name as Richard F. Speck and had clipped a photo of himself to the application form. Speck had left the name and telephone number of his sister to be called if a job opening should occur.

Questioning others around the hall, the detectives learned that Speck had last been seen loitering in the park behind the Jeffrey Manor townhouses. It was common knowledge that the student nurses would often come out to sunbathe in their backyards, and this information had seemed to lure Speck to the park where he might have a good view of the attractive young women.

Nobody had seen Richard Speck since he had left for the park.

The detectives were excited when they made their report to Commander Flanagan. It seemed likely that they might very well have a lead on the case within a few hours after the murders had been reported. If Speck had gone to the park to observe the actions of the student nurses as they went in and out of their dormitories, came out in their swimsuits to sunbathe, arrived home from hospital duty shifts, it would not have taken him too long to learn that the eight nurses who lived in the second unit were on vacation. This would have led him to deliberately pick the end unit for a nocturnal attack. If any of his victims should make any unusual noises, it would not carry through the empty unit to the third one where the housemother lived. Perhaps Speck had even engaged neighborhood residents or some of the student nurses themselves in brief conversations that gave him all the information he needed to plot the crime.

A plan for Speck's entrapment was put into operation. A detective returned to the hiring hall and, posing as a union official, phoned Speck's sister and told her that there was a job available for her brother. Later that afternoon, Speck phoned the union hall and the detective repeated the offer of the mythical job awaiting the prospective seaman. Speck told the man that he would be at the hall within an hour.

Whether Speck actually suspected that a trap had been baited for him or whether he simply decided not to take the job has not yet been learned. All that is now known is that the detectives waited until long after the hiring hall had closed before calling off their stake-out.

That night on television, Commander Flanagan was asked what kind of a human being would commit such a terrible crime. Having made the decision to keep their lead on a suspect a complete secret at this point in the investigation, Flanagan told the interviewer: "He's a subanimal. I don't know who he is or where he is or how soon we'll get him. But get him we will."

Less than nine hours after the murders had been discovered, police were on the trail of a likely suspect. On Friday, the day after the crime, detective teams continued their efforts to track him down. It was a trail that led through the roughest of the city's jungle areas, the skid row dives, the west side flophouses. One team of detectives arrived at a hotel on North Dearborn less than an hour after Speck had checked out. In spite of twelve-hour shifts, the number of available officers simply was not sufficient to comb a city of 4,000,000 people.

Early Friday, Chicago's Mayor Daley asked Illinois Governor Otto Kerner for assistance. The quelling of a riot that had produced an area of vandalism, property destruction, and arson to rival the Watts battleground, plus the stalking of a mass murderer, had proved to be too large an order for the weary and harassed Chicago police force. Responding promptly to the Mayor's plea, the Governor ordered 3,000 National Guardsmen to support the officers in their efforts to put down the rock-throwing, store-smashing gangs that were running wild on the city's west side.

With the reinforcement of the National Guard, more officers were made available to report for duty on the most spectacular murder case in Chicago's history.

Shortly after the arrival of the National Guard troops, an FBI special agent left for Washington to pick up a dossier on Richard Speck from the National Maritime Commission in Washington, D.C. At about the same time, Deputy Chief Spiotto was informed that Corazon Amurao had benefitted from a night's sleep, and so her attending physician had given his permission for a reasonable period of interrogation.

While Spiotto questioned Miss Amurao about the physical description of the murderer, police artist Rathel sketched a likeness based on the nurse's detailed recollection. "He looked like a man who wouldn't harm anybody," she remarked to the artist as he deftly stroked in the facial expression. "He had a very gentle appearance."

When Miss Amurao gave her approval to the finished sketch, Rathel took the drawing to Central Headquarters where Superintendent Wilson ordered the likeness reproduced in the daily *Police Bulletin* and distributed copies to newspapers, wire services, television stations and networks.

After the artist had left the room, Spiotto produced a stack of 180 mug shots of men in their twenties who had a record of crimes against women. Into the pile of mug shots, the officer slipped a copy of the photograph of Richard Speck that detectives had obtained from the seaman's union hiring hall.

Miss Amurao flipped through the mug shots, discarding one after another. Finally she hesitated. "This is similar," she said, tapping a fingernail on the photo of Speck. "Everything except the hair. In the picture he wears it long. That . . . that night it was shorter."

Deputy Chief Spiotto returned to Central Headquarters, elated at Miss Amurao's positive identification of Richard Speck; but his superiors decided against revealing the identity of the chief suspect until they had received a report from the FBI agent. In the meantime, canvassing police officers could continue to check the description of the unidentified suspect around the city, and newspapers and television stations could continue to run the reproduction of the police artist's sketch.

On North Clark Street, a team of detectives checked out a hotel where Speck had been recognized. According to the desk clerk, the man had come in Thursday evening with a local prostitute named Mary. Patrons of a North Street bar remembered the man as a highly sociable fellow who had kept shoveling coins into the jukebox all night. He had been friendly toward the Negro, Mexican, Indian, and hillbilly clientele of the bar and had been expansive toward all until he had left with Mary about 2:00 A.M.

In another bar, the officers found Mary.

Sure, she told them, she remembered the man. He had paid her $30. She did not recall anything else about him, though, and she vowed that she had never seen him before that night.

A habitué of yet another saloon had seen the man in the picture when he had left that establishment with a different prostitute shortly after 3:00 A.M. He did not know the name of the prostitute, however. All he knew about her was that she charged $5.

It seemed to the investigating officers that Richard Speck had been aroused to an insatiable hunger for women and liquor.

Later it was learned that Speck had spent most of Wednesday, the day before the murders, downing as many beers as he could afford in a bar near the townhouse dormitories of the South Chicago Hospital's student nurses. When Speck's beer money had run low, he had switched to cheap wine. Nobody remembered exactly when he had left the bar, but it seemed to have been only for brief recesses to sit on a park bench and watch the nurses in the hope of seeing a sunbather stretch out in her backyard. He disappeared for good that evening about 11:00 P.M.

Some time between midnight and 5:00 A.M. Thursday morning, eight young and pretty student nurses were slashed, stabbed, and strangled to death.

At 7:00 A.M. Thursday morning, Speck was the second customer at a bar on Ewing Avenue. He was well known in this tavern, as he had taken a room upstairs just four months earlier. The other customer in the bar, a twenty-two-year-old laborer, remembered Speck and engaged him in good-natured banter.

During their conversation, Speck had pulled out a twelve-inch hunting knife. "I bought this here knife when I was in Viet Nam a few months back," he claimed.

The young laborer pulled a crumpled dollar bill from his pocket and laid it on the bar. "You want to sell it?"

"Sure thing," Speck said, plucking up the dollar and laying the knife down on the bar. Then he picked up the weapon and walked behind bartender Raymond Crawford. With a sudden movement he grabbed Crawford around the neck and pressed the blade's edge to his throat.

"Quit it, you damn fool," the bartender growled.

Speck laughed. "I was just showing you how to go about killing a person. This knife has killed several persons."

Later that morning, as Speck and a seaman pal were making the rounds of the neighborhood beer joints, the two men heard a news report of the discovery of the mass slaying.

"It must have been a maniac that done it," Speck remarked soberly.

At 7:00 P.M. Friday, the FBI agent returned from Washington with the dossier on Richard Speck. By then the records were useful only as confirmation of the Chicago Police Department's own detective work. The investigating officers now knew that Speck was an exconvict who had been having periodic brushes with the law since he was eighteen. He had a long record in Dallas, Texas, and was a native of Monmouth, Illinois, where, on April 10, 1966, he had been named a suspect in the murder of a barmaid. These things the Chicago police had already learned. What they were most eager to receive from the dossier were Richard Speck's fingerprints.

By 4:40 A.M. Saturday, after working all night, the lab technicians had found four prints that matched those of

Speck's on at least twelve points—the legal requirement.

While the technicians had bent over their microscopes during the night, police officers were officially given the order to look for one Richard Speck as prime suspect in the mass murder. As soon as the word had been received, a loud groan went up from two patrolmen at the Chicago Avenue Station.

Friday morning at 7:00 A.M. they had checked out a call from a small hotel on Dearborn Street in which the manager reported a complaint left at his desk by a prostitute. According to the woman, the man whose room she had just vacated had a gun in his possession.

The patrolmen found the man still in his room. He had given his name as Richard Speck and had claimed that the woman had left the .22 caliber revolver in his room before she left. The officers appropriated the gun and ammunition and inventoried them at the station at about 9:00 A.M. At that time, of course, the name Richard Speck had not yet been released and the officers had had no reason to associate it with the murder of the eight nurses.

Detectives canvassing the area were notified at once and immediately surrounded the hotel where Speck had given up his gun. One detective entered the hotel and approached the manager. Richard Speck had stepped out not more than thirty minutes before.

"Did he say where he was going?" the detective demanded.

"He had a bundle under his arm and said that he was going to a laundromat," the manager said.

The police tightened the stake-out and maintained it for hours, but Speck did not return. It seemed as though the man had some uncanny ability to know when the net was about to tighten about him. In his room, detectives found the clothing that Miss Amurao had described—black pants, black jacket, and white T-shirt—and all had been freshly laundered.

The stake-out was continued all during the night and the following morning. When Speck had not returned by early afternoon on Saturday, Superintendent Wilson, armed with the lab's report on the matching of the fingerprints, decided to appear before television cameras and announce the identity of the murderer of the eight student nurses. "We have enough information to be positive," Wilson said as he held a picture of Richard Speck up to the television cameras.

"B. Brian" spent most of Saturday in Cage 584 on the fifth floor of the seven-story Starr Hotel on Chicago's West Madison Street. He tried to sleep the day away, but he desperately needed a drink.

"Spare me a pull from your jug, friend," he kept pestering the next-door tenant, George Gregrich. "I'm broke and need a drink awful bad."

Gregrich told the man to go to hell. He was in no mood to be bothered by some skinny moocher, after his bottle of booze.

Then, around midnight, Gregrich was no longer able to ignore his annoying neighbor. B. Brian had just knocked open his door and fallen to the floor, bleeding from several deep gashes on his wrists and arms. Gregrich dragged the man to his own cot, then ran to report the incident to Bill Vaughn, the night clerk.

Slashed wrists were nothing new to the Starr Hotel. Without the slightest trace of panic, Vaughn called the police.

Twenty minutes later, B. Brian entered surgery. He regained consciousness as Richard Speck and found that he had five stitches in his severed artery and a pair of irons around his legs. A policeman in the hospital had made the arrest after he had been notified of Speck's presence by nurse Kathy O'Conner.

When Headquarters was informed of Speck's apprehension, the word went out that police should be extremely careful not to violate any of the guidelines that had been laid down by the Supreme Court in its recent decision concerning the interrogation of prisoners. The Supreme

Court ruling specified that no suspect could be questioned until he had been advised of his rights, had been provided with an attorney if he desired, and had been notified that he was permitted to halt questioning at any time that he might decide.

Speck was placed under "soft restraints" (cloth straps) and, under heavy guard, was transferred to Bridewell Hospital, adjacent to the county jail. There, a complete screen of silence fell over Richard Speck.

"He will be fully advised of his rights," Deputy Chief Spiotto told newsmen.

A police lieutenant elaborated on the precautions that had been taken to shield Speck from the world. "We don't want something like what happened in the Kennedy case. We don't want somebody coming up there and taking a pot shot at him."

On Monday morning, Corazon Amurao, although still suffering from shock and accompanied by a doctor and a nurse, was taken to the office of the jail superintendent where she was asked to await a confrontation with the accused murderer. The nurse waited for over two hours before Speck's doctor arrived and announced that his patient was in no condition to confront Miss Amurao.

Police and reporters continued to uncover additional items to fill in the background of Richard Speck.

In Dallas, Texas, late one night in the spring of 1965, Speck had put the blade of a seventeen-inch carving knife to the throat of a young woman as she was parking her car in her garage. A neighbor had heard the young woman's screams and had chased Speck away from his victim. Speck was soon apprehended and sentenced to serve 490 days in the county jail.

When the state prison authorities at Huntsville, Texas, learned of the incident, they claimed Speck as a parole violator. Speck had just been released from Huntsville in January, 1965.

The man who was "born to raise hell" was released from the Dallas jail in July, and left Texas before Huntsville authorities could imprison him again.

It was in March, 1966, that he showed up in his hometown of Monmouth, Illinois, a city of 11,000, some 200 miles southwest of Chicago. Speck had been born in Monmouth in December, 1941. When Speck's father died, his mother moved to Dallas, taking Richard with her. An older brother remained in Monmouth where he became a respected member of the community.

Back in March, 1966, Richard Speck's brother got him a job as a carpenter, but his principal occupations seemed to be drinking in bars and staring at women. Speck liked to talk when he had a few beers under his belt. He would tell anyone who would listen about the many laboring jobs that he had had around the country, principally as a seaman with the ore boats on the Great Lakes. It was learned that the drifter had even been married for a few months, but that his wife had soon divorced him. Speck also made it a point to declare just how tough he was. "I come from Texas," he had said more times than anyone liked to remember, "and I've handled a lot of pushy tough guys."

A Monmouth man later remembered Speck's *braggadocio* concerning the female sex. "He bragged about all the women he could get, but he never got a date with one. He'd stare at a girl and tell me, 'I'd like to meet her.' Girls would talk to him, dance with him, but he never got a date with one."

On April 10, 1966, Mrs. Mary Pierce, a divorcee who worked as a barmaid at a Monmouth tavern, disappeared. Three days later, her naked and abused body was found in a hog house in a lot behind the tavern. Some men remembered that Richard Speck had pestered her for a date.

On April 18, the Monmouth police received a call that a 65-year-old woman had been raped and robbed. When Chief of Police Harold Tinder went to Speck's hotel to ask the man a few questions, he learned that Richard Speck had just checked out.

Maritime records fill in the next gap in the record of Speck's activities in the months before the murder of the nurses. Shortly after the week of violence in Monmouth, Speck had gone to work on a Great Lakes ore boat. On May 3, he had been rushed to St. Joseph Hospital in Hancock, Michigan, for an emergency appendectomy. There, Speck's life became entwined with another nurse—a much more fortunate one.

She remembered Speck as gentle and very pleasant during his stay as a patient. On June 23, he had returned to visit her and she had accepted a date to go to the beach and to go dancing with him.

"He was still gentle, but he had a hatred in him," the nurse recalled. One night Speck told her of two people in Texas whom he would kill if he ever had the chance. He had left on June 27 and she hadn't seen him since.

"For some reason, I thought of him when I heard about the girls. Then I felt bad for even thinking it. But I don't know. I'm not God. I had seen this hatred rising in him."

But it had been the nine nurses in the townhouse dormitory who had seen the vicious manifestation of that hatred, and only one of them remained alive to testify that Richard Speck had yielded to the obscene brute that had been lurking within his psyche.

On July 20, County Defender Gerald W. Getty became the first person to be allowed to speak with the suspect. In the four minutes allotted to him, Getty advised Speck of his right to remain silent. Later, Speck's relatives requested that Getty be appointed to defend him. Getty has implied that he will enter a plea of insanity. "This isn't the sort of case that you go around asking for," Getty told reporters. "All we want to do is see that he has a fair and impartial trial."

Although Getty had been the first to converse with

Speck behind the cordon of armed guards who stood vigil outside his room, a previous visitor had confronted the suspect in complete silence. Corazon Amurao had at last been permitted to enter the room and to view the man suspected of murdering her eight friends. "That is the man," she told her escort as they left the hospital room.

A report that Speck had suffered a heart attack after the confrontation with the lone survivor found its way into indignant newsprint, along with speculation that the murderer might not live to stand trial for his night of infamy. Two heart specialists from the University of Illinois Medical School quickly diagnosed the "stroke" as acute pericarditis, a condition described as very much like "a very bad cold, or like pleurisy."

After Speck was incarcerated, the continued investigation of his past record led authorities to ponder if the man and his terrible knife might not have been responsible for two other brutal multiple killings.

Maritime records showed that Speck had been fired from his last job on a boat when the craft had docked in Indiana Harbor on July 2, 1966. On that same day, just a short distance away, at Indiana Dunes Park, three girls disappeared mysteriously, leaving behind their purses, other personal effects, and an automobile belonging to one of them. Piles of clothing indicated that the girls had been clad only in swimsuits. An extensive search failed to produce any clue to the whereabouts of the three girls who still remain missing at this writing.

An earlier crime, committed in February, shortly before Speck suddenly reappeared in Monmouth, Illinois, remained unsolved in Benton Harbor, Michigan, less than fifty miles from Indiana Harbor. There, an unknown assailant strangled and stabbed four females, ranging in age from seven to sixty.

If it should be established that Richard Speck was also responsible for these other murders (the author must emphasize that this is purely speculative since Speck has

not yet stood trial and remains in heavily guarded isolation at this writing), it would mean that the drifter slashed and strangled the four females in Benton Harbor in February; beat the Monmouth barmaid to death and raped the 65-year-old woman in April; murdered the three girls at Indiana Dunes on July 2; and, in a savage climax to his insatiable lust for women's flesh, slaughtered the eight nurses on July 14.

Less than a year earlier, Richard Speck had stood reading a newspaper in a Dallas, Texas, bar. When he happened to find the name of a friend who had been arrested on some minor infraction of the law, he had snorted in disgust: "One of these days it won't be just a little item with me. It'll be the whole front page!"

Richard Speck has gained his place on the front pages of the world as the prime suspect in a most brutal crime.

2.

EARLE NELSON: THE MAN WHO STRANGLED LANDLADIES

Mrs. Clara Newman watched the young man from behind a lace-curtained parlor window. The man had set his shabby suitcase down on the sidewalk and was comparing the address on the front of her house with the listing in the real estate section of the folded newspaper he carried.

A very thorough young man, Mrs. Newman smiled. It would have seemed that the carefully lettered "Rooms for Rent" sign in the front parlor window would have been evidence enough that 2610 Chestnut Hill Road was indeed a boarding house.

February 20, 1926, was a raw, cold day in San Francisco, and the young man had turned up the collar of his threadbare coat against the seasonal bitterness. The man was of medium build, a bit on the short side, and, although a bit shabbily dressed, he seemed clean and neat. Mrs. Newman had several vacancies at the time and she was quite pleased to see the young man go up the porch steps. She let the bell ring twice, so that her eager surveillance at the window would not be discovered, then opened the door to her prospective lodger.

"Are you Mrs. Clara Newman?" he asked. "Are you the lady who has advertised a room for rent?" His voice was low and his manner polite. Clara Newman immediately sized the young man up as a lodger who would be most pleasant to have about. He would not quarrel with the other roomers; he would come promptly to meals; and he would do his best to co-operate with the established rules of the boarding house. Clara Newman had many years of experience at evaluating such men, and she knew that this mild-mannered young fellow would not cause her any trouble.

"I have three rooms vacant at the moment," Mrs. Newman said. "There are two very nice rooms on the second floor that rent for $6 a week. I also have a small room up on the top floor that I could let you have for $3."

"Could I please see the one on the top floor?" the young man asked. "I like a nice, quiet place for my Bible studies. I do so dislike being disturbed when I am at my meditations."

Mrs. Newman was delighted to hear that. She liked for her roomers to be religious men. "I'm sure that you'll find the room on the top floor quiet enough," she smiled pleasantly. "It is the only room up there."

"Just one more thing," the young man said softly. "How far away are you from the churches?"

Mrs. Newman hesitated. The nearest church was ten blocks away, and she did not want to lose such a model lodger because her rooming house was not more conveniently located to a house of worship.

"Oh, well," the young man shrugged, "I had hoped that there might be one nearer to the house, but maybe the room will do. Sometimes a good, brisk walk on a Sunday morning does marvelous things for the spirit. May I see the room now?"

"Yes, of course," Mrs. Newman said, thankful that she had not lost the young man before he saw the room. She knew that he would like the room on the top floor. It was just the place for a quiet, contemplative sort such as he seemed to be.

If Mrs. Newman had known exactly what it was that her prospective lodger was contemplating, she would have barred the door the moment that she saw him coming up the walk.

From the second that she opened the door, the young man had been entertaining the most lewd, lustful, and violent thoughts behind the innocent facade of his gentle blue eyes. Although Mrs. Newman was middle-aged, her figure was still trim, the flesh on her arms pleasingly rounded and soft. But what attracted the man most of all was the string of pearls that the landlady wore looped around her throat. The young man could hardly keep his eyes off them, for they seemed to hang like a pointing finger calling attention to the swell of the woman's breasts.

As he followed Mrs. Newman up the stairs, the lodger could see the flash of trim ankles and the way her softly rounded buttocks moved against the fabric of her skirt. The strange light that so often came to him of late began to blur his vision at the outer edges, yet, at the same time, caused the center of his focus to become much richer and more colorful.

They were nearly at the top of the first flight of stairs when they met a young man coming down.

"I'm going downtown for a while, Aunt Clara," he said, pausing beside them. "I'll be back in about an hour."

"Very well, Richard," the landlady said. "Don't be late for dinner again, will you?"

When Mrs. Newman's nephew slammed the door shut behind him, the young man was again alone with the woman on the stairs, and the strange light was becoming brighter and brighter.

The room on the top floor was small but neatly furnished and had a good-sized double window. "If it ever gets stuffy up here," Mrs. Newman suggested to the prospective lodger, "you may simply open the window and you shall have plenty of fresh air and . . . "

Suddenly Mrs. Newman experienced the utmost difficulty in getting her breath. The quiet young man—blinded by the intensity of the brilliant light that only he could see—

had folded one powerful arm around her throat. With his free hand, the man seized Mrs. Newman's necklace. As he pulled the woman close to him, he twisted the pearl strands until the beads dug deeply into the soft flesh of her throat. He did not release his hold on the landlady until her soft, rounded body slumped lifeless in his arms.

She was dead, this he knew, but her body was still warm. With a hoarse, animalistic cry, he laid the woman's body on the floor, tore the clothes away, and threw himself upon her.

At 8:00 P.M., when Richard Newman was telling his story to a roomful of policemen, all he could tell them about the mysterious stranger was that he had been young, about five-feet-six-inches tall, dark-complexioned and had large, blue eyes.

The strangler had murdered to appease his own bestial passions. Although the woman's pearls were missing, the condition of Mrs. Newman's body immediately ruled out robbery as a motive for the murder.

By the end of a week's investigation, the police were certain only that the young man was a sex maniac who would probably strike again.

Even as a young boy, Earle Leonard Nelson had unusually large hands. But, as a boy of eight, he had been content to confine their anti-social acts to the occasional yanking of his cousin's blonde pigtails. Young Earle was an orphan who had been taken in by an aunt, Mrs. Lillian Fabian. He had blue eyes that exuded innocence, a keen mind that allowed him to begin Bible study at a remarkably early age, and a sensitive mouth with which to utter platitudes and give the blessing at every meal.

"Earle will be a minister someday," Mrs. Fabian would proudly tell her friends. "His mother would have liked that."

And Earle might well have become a minister if it had not been for a ball wildly thrown by a playmate. In the childish exuberance of the game, Earle dashed heedlessly out into the street and ran directly into the path of a trolley car that was passing by the Fabian residence. The boy became caught in the cowcatcher and, despite the locked brakes of the trolley, was dragged fifty feet along the cobblestone street before the motorman could stop the car.

Earle's Aunt Lillian and his Cousin Rachael prayed at the boy's bedside for five days before the horribly battered child's condition took a turn for the better. Doctors found it astonishing that the boy had survived the trip to the hospital. Earle Nelson had sustained a dozen broken bones and a terrible injury to his skull.

"He's always been a strong boy," Mrs. Fabian told a doctor, "and the Lord will give him strength to recover."

In six weeks, Earle was out of the hospital. His bones had all mended, and the injury to his skull had healed over. He was pale and a bit thin, but Mrs. Fabian loudly proclaimed that her nephew would soon be rosy cheeked and plump after he had once again begun to play with his friends and eat at her table.

"He's the same Earle," Mrs. Fabian smiled as she and a neighbor watched the boy scampering about the lawn with his playmates. "He's all mended and all well. The accident hasn't changed him a bit."

If, perhaps, Mrs. Fabian had had some psychic gift which would have enabled her to have penetrated the innocent facade of the wide blue eyes and the sensitive mouth, she would have been shocked at the thoughts that had begun to fester in the darkened corridors of the boy's mind. Something unseen had happened to Earle Nelson in the accident. Unknown damage had been done to his brain. The hard and bony skull had healed over, but there was another, deeper and more horrible wound that resisted all medication and care.

The first overt symptoms were moody spells of silence into which Earle Nelson would fall for long periods of time. His aunt attributed this withdrawal to a serious nature and a need to be alone while he studied the Bible.

Then Cousin Rachael began to complain about the way Earle had begun to yank her pigtails. He had always given them a mischievous tug whenever he passed her chair, but after the accident he had begun pulling Rachael's hair until she would cry out in pain and run to her mother in tears. Whenever Mrs. Fabian emphasized Rachael's distress with words of remonstration, Earle would drop to his knees and beg her forgiveness. Then, when he had been assured that his aunt was convinced of his penitence, he would hurry to his room and sit for long hours mumbling over his Bible. If Mrs. Fabian had been more observant, she would have come to realize that although Earle had memorized countless Bible passages, the meaning of the Scriptures seemed to escape him.

As Earle reached adolescence he developed eccentric mannerisms his aunt could no longer ignore. He became increasingly troublesome to the woman. His anti-social behavior began to manifest itself when he refused to attend school. When Mrs. Fabian reminded him that he must go to school if he intended to become a minister, he would tell his aunt in shockingly graphic language where both she and the ministry might go.

From time to time, Mrs. Fabian would induce the boy to attend school by buying him new clothes. But such a generous gesture on her part would always bring about the same results: Earle would sell the new clothing, buy cheap costume jewelry with the proceeds, and return home that night dressed in rags.

Mrs. Fabian was embarrassed by her nephew's conduct, but she was reassured by her friends' reminders that at least the boy was harmless. There were clues, however, that should have told Mrs. Fabian that Earle's behavior was potentially dangerous.

There was, for instance, his sudden obsessive curiosity about the anatomy of his cousin Rachael, who was fast growing to young womanhood. Mrs. Fabian had caught Earle at the keyhole of his cousin's room on several occasions when she knew that her daughter was changing clothes or undressing for bed.

Once, when Earle was not in his room, Mrs. Fabian had idly picked up his worn old Bible and opened the book to the page where the boy had placed a marker. Christ's defense of the harlot had been underlined. Curious, the woman began to flip through the pages. The passages concerning Salome, Mary Magdalene, Jezebel, Bathsheba had all been boldly marked.

If that discovery did not alert Mrs Fabian, she should have been concerned about her nephew's bizarre interest in the dark corners of the cellar and the musty recesses of the attic, and by his habit of crawling into abandoned trunks and closing the lid behind him. When it was time to call Earle for his meals, his aunt no longer shouted across the broad expanse of lawn; rather, she would call down to the cellar or up to the attic to summon him.

One can scarcely imagine the fantasies indulged in by the brooding adolescent as he slouched in some dark corner of the cellar or curled up inside a large trunk in the storage room. Perhaps he saw himself as some accusing prophet pointing a wrathful finger at a woman of easy virtue, calling upon the multitudes to take up the stones for the ultimate chastisement. Or imagined himself as the Prodigal Son, tasting of the carnal delights of the temptresses, reveling in a wanton display of sensuality. And, always, the chastised prostitutes or the willing seductresses had the familiar features and the maturing figure of his cousin Rachael.

On his twenty-first birthday, Earle Nelson managed somehow to lure a neighborhood girl to the cellar of her home where he set about celebrating his majority by trying to rape her.

The girl's screams brought her father hurrying down the cellar steps. Two patrolmen were needed to subdue the powerful and determined young man.

Mrs. Fabian's pleas and protestations were of little avail at Earle's trial. Earle Leonard Nelson had changed overnight in the eyes of the old neighborhood. He was no longer an odd but harmless neighborhood boy, who dressed in ragged clothing and preferred the secluded darkness of cellars and attics. He was now a menacing and abnormally powerful brute, a criminally sexual degenerate. He was convicted of the rape charge and sentenced to the state penal farm for a period of two years.

"He'll soon be out on good behavior," Mrs. Fabian promised everyone who would listen to her. "Earle will prove to everyone just what a good boy he really is. He'll be out long before those two years are up."

The woman's words were unfortunately prophetic. In less than a week at the farm, Earl managed to escape only to be recaptured.

Six months later, he escaped for the second time. He was apprehended on a stormy, lightning-etched night as he stood leering through the bedroom window at his cousin Rachael as she undressed for bed.

Realizing that the penal farm presented little challenge to a man really intent upon escape, the authorities had Earle Nelson transferred to the state penitentiary. Even Mrs. Fabian admitted that such a move was undoubtedly for the best.

On December 4, 1918, Earle Nelson escaped from the state penitentiary after being confined for only three months. Gifted with a Houdini-like ability with locks, the perversely haunted young man had picked the lock on the door of the prison laundry room, where he had been working, had sprung the lock on the service gate, and had somehow managed to crawl over a twenty-foot wall without being observed by the prison guards.

Earle Nelson succeeded in this escape. He covered his tracks so well that it seemed as if he had suddenly vanished from the face of the earth. It would be nine years before the authorities would hear the name of Earle Leonard Nelson again. And then it would be because, in a sixteen-month rampage of bestial frenzy, Earle Nelson had murdered and violated twenty women.

Official investigation later disclosed that on August 12, 1919, Earle Nelson, under the assumed name of Roger Wilson, married a lovely young school teacher. Evidently Nelson had managed to control his strange obsessions until after the ceremony, but he had his first insane outburst of temper on the streetcar on which he and his bride were riding to their new home. For some reason he refused to pay the conductor the fares.

In order to prevent the argument from reaching the point of physical contact, Nelson's new bride paid the fares herself. The poor girl had jumped from one highly embarrassing situation to another which would humiliate her even more. No sooner had she placated the angry conductor by paying the fares, than Earle began to accuse her of flirting with the man. In a voice ringing with righteous indignation, he accused her before the other passengers of being the worst harlot he had ever encountered.

The conductor took pity on the girl and let her off at the next stop. She had not even had time to collect her thoughts when Earle was suddenly there before her, down on his knees, mournfully pleading for forgiveness. As his voice became a high-pitched howl, the increasingly baffled bride was further embarrassed to see that a large crowd had begun to collect around them. She quickly silenced the tearful Earle and allowed him to lead her to their home.

While she prepared to retire, the new bride charitably attributed her husband's bizarre behavior to the nervousness of the wedding day and the tension of the approaching "first night."

Once in bed, she called to Earle several times. When he didn't respond, she got out and opened the door to the sitting room: Her strange bridegroom had left her alone on their wedding night.

This bizarre wedding day was to set the pace for a brief, but incredibly hellish, four-month marriage.

Nelson ignored all of his wife's pleas to take a steady job, and while he never lacked funds, he refused to explain the source of his income.

When he was in the mood, he would keep his wife locked in the bedroom for days, taking her again and again until his passion had been sated. At other times, he would completely ignore her and disappear for several days without telling her where he was going or, when he returned, where he had been.

His personal habits became disgusting. His table manners would have been more appropriate for dining at a hog trough. He refused to bathe or to change his clothes.

Sometimes, when his wife was bold enough to criticize him, he would make her sit in a chair and listen to him read interminable sections from the Bible.

His speech had become a strange jargon that blended Biblical quotations with the crudest, most vile obscenities.

His bride managed to stand four months of Earle's mental and physical torture before she suffered a nervous breakdown. Earle Nelson merely carried on as before.

One night while he was visiting his wife in the hospital he felt the need for carnal release and saw no reason not to satisfy his lust although his wife lay on her sick bed. The woman's moans and cries brought a doctor to her rescue.

Nelson almost went berserk at the doctor's interference and accused his semi-conscious wife of having an affair with the physician. The doctor tried to reason with Nelson but he could scarcely make himself heard above the man's screams of outrage. When Earle Nelson walked out of the hospital that night, he walked out of his wife's life forever. It would be eight years before she would know how fortunate she really was.

No amount of official investigation has ever been able to account for a six-year gap in Earle Nelson's history, from the time that he left his wife in January, 1920, until he stepped into Mrs. Clara Newman's boarding house on February 20, 1926. But once he had begun to follow the trim figure of the landlady up those three flights of stairs, he had embarked upon a trail of terror that is still appalling in the annals of crime.

After he had known the sense of power that was his when his hands closed around the throat of a woman, Earle Nelson did not wait long to claim his next victim. He employed the same *modus operandi* and again chose the proprietress of a rooming house. On March 2, Mrs. Laura Beale was found strangled and violated in her rooming house in San Jose. Once again, all the police had to work on was a brief description of a short, dark-complexioned man with wide, innocent blue eyes.

Journalists were quick to note the similarity between the murders of Mrs. Beale and Mrs. Newman and immediately issued terrifyingly gory warnings to all landladies that rooming houses were the favorite hunting grounds of the sex maniac.

Even these sensationalized warnings did not prevent Nelson from striking again. On June 10, the ravished body of Mrs. Lillian St. Mary was found beneath the bed of an unoccupied room in her boarding house. Mrs. George Russell, a Santa Barbara landlady, fell victim to the man's insatiable appetite for murder and perverted sex on June 26.

The police staggered under the pressure of four murders in four months. Public officials began to demand progress reports and left police stations infuriated when they were told that the police had not found a single clue. The various law enforcement agencies had kept on the case on a round-the-clock schedule, but all they had accumulated were the obvious facts: the killer invariably selected landladies to be his victims, and was inclined to strike between 1:00 and 3:00 in the afternoon.

Earle Nelson read the accounts of the murders in the newspapers as dispassionately as if he had not the slightest association with such heinous acts. All he knew was that more and more frequently the strange, blinding light had

begun to fill his aching skull with its unquenchable brilliance.

The terrible light controlled his brain again on August 16, when he strangled and sexually assaulted Mrs. Mary Nesbit in Oakland. Police were appalled at the violence with which the murderer had dealt with his victim.

Two months went by without a report of the activity of the man who strangled landladies. It seemed as though that latest act of outrage in Oakland might have appeased his perverse passion for a time. Then, on October 19 and 20, in Portland, Oregon, the strangler murdered two women in two days. Mrs. Beta Withers and Mrs. Mabel Fluke both had been boarding house keepers and both had been ravished after death.

He struck once again in Portland on October 27, to claim his eighth victim, Mrs. Virginia Grant, then he went to San Francisco where he murdered and ravished Mrs. William Edmonds. Just as the San Francisco police thought that they might be closing in on a suspect, they received word that the strangler had struck again in Portland and had murdered Mrs. Blanche Myers. Ten victims had been murdered and violated and the police still possessed not a single clue to the identity of the strangler.

Nelson then found the West Coast to have become too risky, and suddenly ranged far afield to begin his terrible activities anew in the Midwest. On December 23, he murdered Mrs. John Berard of Council Bluffs, Iowa. On December 28, in Kansas City, Missouri, Nelson strangled and violated both Mrs. Germania Harpin and her eight-month-old daughter.

By April 27, 1927, Nelson had moved farther east to claim Mary McConnell of Philadelphia as his next victim. On May 30, he struck in Buffalo, New York where he left Jennie Randolph murdered and raped. On June 1, he killed Minnie May and Mrs. M. C. Atorthy in Detroit. It was the only time that he was to murder two adult women on the same day.

Nelson's last crime in the United States was committed on June 3, when he took his eighteenth victim, Mrs. Mary Sietsome in Chicago. With the exception of the baby daughter of Mrs. Germania Harpin, all of Nelson's victims had been landladies.

In Winnipeg, Canada, on June 8, Earle Nelson rented a third-story room in the home of Mrs. August Hill. Mrs. Hill was very pleased to welcome to her home the well-behaved young man who carried a worn Bible in his hands. He had asked for a quiet room where he could contemplate the divine message of the Scriptures without being disturbed. Mrs. Hill was happy to tell the devout lodger that two churches could be found on the next block. If Mrs. Hill had been told that the shy and respectful young man had strangled and ravished eighteen landladies in the past sixteen months, she probably would have laughed in her informant's face. Her new lodger seemed to be a rather delicate and sensitive young man who might have fainted at the sight of blood.

That night, the Winnipeg police received a report that sixteen-year-old Lola Cowan had disappeared. Nearly everyone knew the pretty young girl who helped support her family by selling artificial flowers made by her crippled sister. By the following day, Thursday, June 9, the authorities had ordered a full-scale investigation to determine the whereabouts of the missing girl.

On Friday evening, William Patterson returned home from work to find the evening meal unprepared, his children still playing in the yard, and his wife strangely absent from her place in the domestic scene.

"Where is your mother, children?" he inquired. Somewhat tearfully, the children told him that they had not seen their mother all afternoon. A quick check of the neighbors indicated that none of them had any information about the missing woman.

A deeply religious man, William Patterson went to his room where he knelt at his bedside and prayed for his wife's speedy and safe return. As the man concluded his prayers, he made a hideous discovery. Under the bed lay the cold and naked body of his wife. Emily Patterson had been strangled, and been ravished after her death.

"I think that we must operate on the assumption that the madman who has been killing all those landladies in the States has crossed over into Canada," Chief of Detectives George Smith told his men. "Mrs. Patterson had been strangled by a man with extremely powerful hands and then, after death, she had been sexually molested. It is the same pattern."

"But Mrs. Patterson wasn't a landlady," an officer pointed out.

"That is true," Smith conceded, "but the murderer has altered his *modus operandi* on a couple of other points as well. For one thing, this is one of the few times that he has stolen anything. He left his old clothes and took a brown suit, tan shoes, and felt hat from Mr. Patterson's closet. He also pulled off Mrs. Patterson's wedding ring, took a Bible from the nightstand, a cigarette case from a table top, and seven $10 bills from a desk drawer."

"Then we do have some clues," an officer said. "We have the murderer's old clothes."

"They were probably stolen from a clothesline somewhere," Smith sighed, "but at least we have something to go on."

For the next two days, the Chief of Detectives kept his men on extended shifts to keep the investigation moving without break. He issued bulletins to all police stations in Canada informing them that the maniac had struck in Manitoba and that he was making his escape from the city of Winnipeg dressed in a brown suit. Special radio broadcasts alerted citizens to the danger of a confrontation with the sex fiend and warned all landladies not to admit a stranger into their homes under any circumstances.

Hundreds of suspects were picked up, questioned, and released. Dozens of leads were followed down promising trails that came only to dead ends.

It was not until late Sunday afternoon that police officers knocked on the door of Mrs. August Hill's rooming house on Winnipeg's Frontenac Street.

"No, sir," she assured the officers, "I've not taken a soul into this house after I read about that poor Mrs. Patterson. I've turned away a good many prospective roomers, too, but I am not one to take chances. I can't imagine how a sensible landlady could allow such a fiend past her door. I could tell such a monster at a glance, I could."

"You're certain, then, that no new lodgers have come to your house recently?" an officer asked, already checking the house number off on a sheet of paper and preparing to leave.

"None since Mr. Wilson last Wednesday," Mrs. Hill told them.

"And what does he look like?"

"Oh, I couldn't really give you an accurate description," Mrs. Hill smiled sheepishly. "He's so quiet and I've scarcely seen him since he moved in. In fact, I don't think he's even been home for the last two or three days."

"But tell us, Mrs. Hill," an officer persisted, "is he tall, short . . . "

"Oh, he's rather on the short side, dark, with blue eyes."

Both officers were suddenly tense and alert. "Let's have a look at Mr. Wilson's room."

The investigating officers and the landlady were overwhelmed by a heavy, nauseating odor the instant they opened the door to Wilson's room. Unaware of the source of the disagreeable odor, Mrs. Hill mumbled apologies and hurried to open a window.

Less naive, one of the officers dropped to his knees and looked under the bed.

"Good God, man!" he called to his companion. "Look here!"

Before either of them could halt Mrs. Hill, she had stooped to conduct her own investigation. It took several moments before the officers could usher the screaming woman from the room. Under the bed was the body of a naked girl, strangled, ravished, and horribly mutilated. The officers were able to identify the corpse as that of Lola Cowan, the girl who had disappeared on Wednesday, the same day that "Roger Wilson" had arrived, Bible in hand, at Mrs. Hill's rooming house.

Later, when the officers were leaving with the coroner and the white-smocked attendants were removing the blanketed form of Lola Cowan, Mrs. Hill sat huddled in the arms of her husband, sobbing hysterically.

August Hill shook his head in shocked disbelief. "To think that that fiend lay sleeping in that room for three nights with that poor dead girl under his bed!"

Chief of Detectives Smith commandeered a broadcasting station and sent out descriptions of the killer at half-hour intervals. "Our most important job right now is to prevent the strangler from getting his hands on any more women," he told his men.

In spite of extensive co-operation from all news media, Smith received a telephone call on Monday from the police of Regina, a small town 200 miles to the west, stating that the murderer had had no difficulty obtaining a room from a landlady on Lorne Street. She had not suspected a thing until she surprised the man attempting to enter the room of a young girl who worked in the local telephone office. By the time her screams had brought the police, the strangler had fled.

"The only thing definite we can tell you is that the suspect has changed clothes," Smith was told by a Regina official. "He has discarded the brown suit for blue denim overalls, a khaki shirt, and black cap."

Smith thanked the official, hung up the phone, and swung around in his chair to check a large map of Canada on the wall behind him. "My hunch is that he's trying to get back into the States. Things are becoming much hotter in Canada than he had anticipated. If he is heading for the border, he'll have to cross prairie country. That should make him easy to spot."

Two days later, Smith's hunch proved to be accurate. Constables Grey and Sewell, working out of Killarney, just twelve miles north of the International Border, spotted a man walking on the highway.

"If he's the one," Sewell observed, "He's changed clothes again. This fellow's got a plaid shirt instead of a khaki one, and corduroy pants instead of overalls. Let's stop and check him out, anyway."

Nelson showed no sign of alarm when the officers pulled up beside him. "My name is Wilson," he answered in response to their query. "I'm a stock hand and I work on a ranch near here."

"We're looking for a man who is responsible for the death of twenty women," Grey said, watching closely for any facial reaction that might betray the man. "Would you be that man?"

Nelson laughed out loud. "I only do my lady-killing on Saturday nights."

The constables exchanged glances. The man was so cool, yet so polite and well mannered. His clothing did not match the latest description that they had just heard over the radio, but he was short, dark-complexioned, and powerfully built.

"I think you'd better ride back to Killarney with us, so that we can check out your story," Grey told him. "You probably aren't any more of a killer than I am. If we're wrong, we'll drive you to wherever you want to go."

"That's fair enough," Nelson shrugged. "I guess you fellows have to play it safe when there is a killer on the loose."

The constables locked their suspect in the common jail in Killarney before they went to make their telephone call to Chief of Detectives Smith in Winnipeg. As an added precaution, they handcuffed the man and took away his shoes.

"He sure looks like he might be the killer," Sewell told Smith, "but he says that his name is Roger Wilson and he works on a ranch near here. Besides that, he is just too calm to be guilty of anything."

"That must be the strangler!" Smith shouted at the constable over the telephone. "He used the name Roger Wilson here in Winnipeg and once before in San Francisco. It may be a coincidence, but I am coming down there to question the man. Is Constable Grey with him now?"

"No, sir," Sewell said. "He's here with me in the telephone office."

"Don't let that man out of your sight," Smith ordered. "I want one of you with him at all times. And don't be taken in by his calmness and innocent appearance. Remember, twenty women are now dead because they made such a mistake."

The constables hurried back to the jail across the street from the telephone office. They had only been gone fifteen minutes, but it had been long enough for Nelson to pick the locks on his handcuffs and on the cell door. Once again the strangler was on the loose.

When Constable Grey reported the escape to Chief of Detectives Smith, the official in Winnipeg immediately gave orders for a special train of men to be rushed to Killarney. He instructed Grey to form a posse of all able-bodied men in the town. When he hung up the telephone, he dispatched special agents to Killarney by plane and sent out calls to marshals in neighboring districts.

"This time he will not escape!" Smith vowed.

Constables Grey and Sewell saw to it that the entire female population of Killarney was locked up under an armed guard in the town hall. Then they ordered their 500-man posse to spread out in search of the escaped strangler.

All that night, while the well-armed posse beat the bushes, Earle Nelson slept peacefully in William Allen's barn, only one block away from the jail.

He might have slipped out of town the next morning if the train he attempted to board had not been the one carrying Chief of Detectives Smith and his officers. A dozen men overwhelmed the powerful criminal and pinioned his hands behind his back.

Earle Nelson was brought to trial for the murder of Emily Patterson in Winnipeg, because the Canadian authorities did not wish to publicize the grisly aspects of the Cowan mutilation slaying.

As he listened to the damning testimonies, Earle Nelson displayed not the slightest emotion. He refused to speak to his aunt or his wife, both of whom had been brought to Winnipeg at the expense of the Canadian authorities. No one heard the man utter a word throughout the course of the trial. There was only a strange, bemused smile that never left his lips.

On November 14, 1927, Earle Leonard Nelson was found guilty of murder and condemned to hang on January 12, 1928. He did not break his silence until he calmly ascended the thirteen steps of the gallows.

"I am innocent," he declared just before the hangman dropped the black hood over his head. "I stand innocent before God and man. I forgive those who have wronged me and ask forgiveness of those I have injured. God have mercy."

3.

WILLIAM COOK: "LIVE BY THE GUN AND ROAM"

Moving west toward Tulsa, a happy Illinois family left Claremore, Oklahoma for the next lap of a long awaited trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico. They had just finished a hearty breakfast and were settling down for a day's ride across America's Southwest. Carl Mosser was driving. His wife Thelma sat beside him. In the back seat of the dark blue 1949 Chevrolet were the three Mosser children: Ronald, seven, Gary, five, and Pamela, three. Lying contentedly at the children's feet was the family's little black and white dog.

The car had just got up to highway speed when Carl Mosser saw a short man alongside the road. The man was waving his arms as if he needed help. Mosser slowed the automobile, then brought it to a stop. He hoped that he might be of some assistance to the man. It was an unfortunate act of good will, such as one encounters often in the annals of crime.

As the man came running up to their automobile, the Mosser family became frighteningly aware of the pistol he brandished. At the command of the gunman, Mrs. Mosser opened the door. The tough-looking youth got into the car and ordered Carl Mosser to drive on.

The young hoodlum's brown hair crested above a wide face. His forehead was broad. His eyebrows bushy. He was five-feet-four-and-a-half inches tall. His right eyelid had been deformed at birth leaving the eye staring like an unblinking Evil Eye that never closed. His name was William Cook, and when he forced his way into the Mosser car, he inaugurated three days of relentlesss terror that ended in one of the most ruthless mass murders in criminal history.

All Carl Mosser could do was follow Cook's instructions in hope of protecting the safety of Mrs. Mosser and the children. Every question either Carl Mosser or his wife directed at the black-leather jacketed gunman was ignored. The only words they could get out of him were threats of punishment if they failed to obey him. From the hard set of Cook's face, the Mossers could tell he meant what he said.

"What do you want with us?" Mrs. Mosser asked repeatedly. He gave no explanation of his orders that Mosser simply "drive me around." He did not want to go anyplace in particular, and if he had wanted money from the Mossers, he could have taken it and left them alone. In response to each question the man told Mrs. Mosser to shut up. When the children became emotional, Cook commanded Mrs. Mosser to keep them quiet.

They drove aimlessly around the Southwest. Carl Mosser followed the man's directions without quibbling, at the same time that he searched his mind for a way to free his family from the gunman's threat. But there seemed to be no way in which he could disarm the man as long as they remained in the car. They first drove to Oklahoma City then, after driving around the town for about an hour, they headed west on Highway 66 to Wichita Falls, Texas. The gunman asked nothing of Carl Mosser except to drive as he was directed.

William E. Cook Jr. was born near Joplin, Missouri into the very poor family of a mine worker. The place he and seven brothers and sisters called home was a deserted mine cave on the outskirts of Joplin. Before the boy was five, his mother had died and his father had deserted the seven children. Although county welfare officials found a home for each of William Cook's brothers and sisters, they were hard put to find one for the boy whose air of resentment was apparent to everyone. Even after a charity-financed operation meant to restore function to the muscles of his right eyelid, no one would adopt the child who still squinted constantly.

The only way the county could obtain a home for William Cook was to offer to pay his board. Under that condition, a woman agreed to take him into her house. It was an unhappy relationship from the start. Later, while piecing together details of his early background, Cook told investigators that for two successive years the woman had given him a bicycle for Christmas, but that each time she had failed to make the installment payments and the store had reclaimed it.

Coupled with his previous environment, this new home did not serve as an aid in altering Cook's resentment of society. As he grew older, Cook became more unruly, until he was finally hauled before a judge. Cook bluntly informed the man that he would rather go to reform school than return to his foster home. He got his wish and was sentenced to remain in reform school until he was fourteen.

The ink was barely dry on the school's record of his release when William Cook came in through the front door again. He had robbed a cab driver of $11 and had not seemed to care whether he was caught or not. Cook later made a successful escape, but he had not learned how to stay beyond the reach of the law. One of the first acts he performed in his new-found freedom was the theft of a car. He had barely put the automobile into high gear before he was in the reform school again. This time he was sentenced to five years.

The reform school was not capable of handling anyone like William Cook, however. The facilities were meant for the correction of youth, not for subduing them. At eighteen, William Cook was transferred directly from the reform school to the penitentiary where he earned immediate notoriety among his fellow convicts when he clubbed one of them with a baseball bat.

At twenty-two he was released. The first thing he did after getting out was to look up his father, who had returned to Joplin where he was living in a cheap hotel.

William Cook's father could barely remember his son and the boy had to introduce himself. No reason is known for this visit to the father who had deserted him years before, but Cook told his dad that he thought the world owed him plenty.

"I'm gonna live by the gun and roam," Cook said just before he left his father.

He began by roaming across the country. The rebellious young man moved by hitching rides when he could, and finally stopped in Blythe, California, where he took the only legitimate job he ever held in his life. William Cook washed dishes in a cafe until he grew restless again and started wandering back east. He carried a snubnosed .32 caliber pistol in his pocket.

Cook hitchhiked to Texas. Out of money, he knew only one way to obtain the funds that would enable him to keep roaming. His last ride had dropped him at an all-night service station in Lubbock, Texas. A motorist pulled into the station and asked for gas about 1:00 A.M. on the morning of December 30, 1950.

Cook walked over to the car. "Where are you headed?"

The man eyed him suspiciously at first, then said, "Tulsa."

"I want to get to Joplin."

The man hesitated again. Cook did not have the most pleasant face. But it was a dark and lonely ride, and the man thought that some company might keep him from becoming drowsy. "All right," he agreed, "it's on the way."

But the conversation that the motorist might have expected from any other hitchhiker was not forthcoming from the sullen looking young man. This hitchhiker's intention became apparent when the driver felt the circular barrel of a pistol prodding him in the ribs. He stopped the car and handed his money to the young man, then climbed outside. To the motorist's surprise, Cook followed him out of the car and ordered him to climb inside the trunk. After the man was locked inside, the ex-con got in the driver's seat and headed the car toward Joplin.

Although the man in the trunk had no idea where he was being taken, he knew that he did not want to go. He wriggled around, found a tire tool in the blackness, and went to work prying open the catch of the trunk. By the time he had pried the lid open, he could tell that the car was moving off the main highway and onto a secondary road. When the car slowed from its normal speed, the man threw up the trunk lid and tumbled out on the gravel road. He was up and running as fast as his cramped legs could manage. The harsh voice of the hitchhiker impelled him to run even faster.

Cook watched the figure recede from view in the early morning light. His hardened features curled into a scowl. He stopped the car, slammed the trunk lid shut, got back in, and drove away. He realized that he was driving a stolen car and that the police would soon have his description and the make and license of the car. He drove until he came to Highway 66, between Claremore and Tulsa, where he abandoned the car and got out on the road to hitch a ride. Carl Mosser drove the car that stopped for him.

Mosser drove at gunpoint past Tulsa to Oklahoma City, then on to Wichita Falls, Texas. It was there that Carl Mosser pointed to the gas gauge. "If we don't get some gas pretty soon, we'll run out."

Cook glanced at the needle. The man was right.

"I'm hungry," one of the children complained.

Cook was hungry, too. He directed Mosser to drive into a gas station which had a grocery store annex. A rather elderly man who was minding both the store and the station came to the driver's window.

"Fill 'er up," Carl Mosser said. The man disappeared from view at the back of the car. He cranked up the pump and took off the gas cap.

"Ask him if he can bring some lunch meat out to the car," Cook ordered. He had his hand closed around the .32 that bulged in his pocket.

Mosser waited for the attendant to return to the front of the car. "Can you bring us some lunch meat?"

The old man squinted at him for a second. "I've got a customer in there now," he said in a cracking voice. "If you want anything from the store, you'll have to come in and get it."

After a moment's hesitation, Cook gestured toward the store. He and Carl Mosser climbed out of the dark blue Chevrolet and walked toward the store's entrance. This was the opportunity that Carl Mosser had been waiting for. His family would be out of danger when the two of them entered the little grocery.

The service station attendant had just gone behind the counter when Mosser jumped Cook and began struggling with him. He got behind Cook and grabbed hold of his arms.

"Help me," he yelled to the attendant and to the other man who was in the store. "He's been in my car all day. He's got a gun and says that he'll kill us."

The elderly service station attendant did not know what to do about the sudden scuffle. There was only one thing that he did know for sure, and that was that he wanted no fighting in his store. He reached under the counter and pulled out a Western style .44 caliber pistol.

"Turn him loose!" the man yelled at Carl Mosser.

Thinking of his family in the car outside, Mosser would not release his hold on the cursing, squirming gunman. He held on tighter, not about to let the terror begin again if he could help it.

"Get out of my store," the man waving the .44 ordered.

Carl Mosser dragged Cook out of the store, still holding the man's arms tightly. But, once outside, Cook wrenched himself free and threw Mosser back toward the store. Mosser's body collided with the window and crashed through the pane, his hat falling from his head as the glass fell around him. Cook took this second of freedom to fetch the snubnosed .32 from his pocket.

"Get back in the car," the ex-convict snarled, leveling the gun at the man. Once again, the Mossers were at his mercy.

More than a little upset about the damaged store window, the station attendant wanted to go out after the pair, but his customer warned him that it might be dangerous. After the car had pulled away, the man ran out of the store, jumped in his pick-up truck, and followed the car down the road. He gave up the chase when shots were fired at him.

Cook, angrier than ever, ordered Mosser to drive to Carlsbad, New Mexico. They had been moving all day, and Cook did not intend to stop and let anybody catch up with him. The tension was beginning to show on the Mosser family. The children were tired, hungry, and afraid. They started crying. No amount of coaxing from Mrs. Mosser could quiet them. The strain began to show on their parents, too. The car stopped again in Carlsbad, and once again Carl Mosser tried to get rid of the gunman. But after the first attempt, Cook was ready for him and the effort was aborted almost before it began. They drove for two more horror-filled days, never knowing when the sullen gunman might lose patience with the terrified children.

From Carlsbad they drove to El Paso, Texas, where Cook, frightened at the sight of a police car, ordered Mosser to turn around and drive toward Houston. They passed through Houston and went as far as Winthrop, Arkansas, before the gunman ordered the driver to turn again toward Joplin, Missouri.

As they approached Joplin, the strain became too great for Mrs. Mosser. She became hysterical, and the children, frightened by their mother's breakdown, also began to cry. No amount of threatening would keep them quiet, so Cook ordered Mosser to pull off on a deserted road where he could bind and gag Mrs. Mosser and the children. They proceeded quietly for a few more miles, until a police car drove past them and the two patrolmen inside gave the blue Chevrolet a look that made Cook nervous.

After the police had driven away, Mrs. Mosser became hysterical again, and something seemed to snap inside William Cook's head. He may have suddenly realized the futility of riding around holding a family at gunpoint. He ordered Mosser to stop the car, and the ugly snout of the .32 emerged from his pocket. He fired the gun again and again until the screams of the family he had held at bay for seventy-two hours were silenced. It was Cook's savage reprisal for the family life that he had never known. He shot the dog, too, as it moved among the dead bodies of its masters.

Though his IQ was less than a normal 91, William Cook knew enough to dispose of the bodies of the Mosser family. In Joplin, this was simple—he had grown up there. Edging Carl Mosser's body to the side, Cook got behind the wheel and drove the car to an old mine shaft he had known since boyhood. It was indeed the perfect place to dispose of the bloody corpses. One by one he lifted the lifeless bodies out of the car and dropped them through the hole he had made by lifting two planks off the shaft's cover. Cook replaced the planks as neatly as possible and then he was back inside the bloodstained and bullet-riddled car, powering down the road toward Tulsa. He now had a destination. His goal was the only place where he had ever known a measure of security—Blythe, California.

The little Chevrolet refused to serve its brutal new master. It had been pushed constantly for seventy-two hours, and the Mossers had driven over 1,000 miles before Cook had waved them down. The car would not go any further. Abandoning the Chevrolet at the side of the road, Cook began hitchhiking west. On January 3, 1951, Deputy Sheriff Warren Smith of Osage County, Oklahoma, drove past the abandoned Chevrolet. Professionally curious, the lawman got out of his car and walked over to the vehicle to take a look inside. He noticed nothing suspicious at first, but he still wondered about the car. From the Illinois license plates, he knew the car did not belong to a local resident. He could think of no reason for anyone getting out of his car on that lonely stretch of road. Playing a hunch, he radioed for a wrecker and followed the tow truck as it moved toward town. Once the Chevrolet was inside the garage, the Deputy took a closer look at the car, and what he found showed him that he was not dealing with anything so simple as a stolen and abandoned vehicle. There was blood and there were curious looking holes in both the front and the back seats.

The Deputy Sheriff ran to the garage phone and called his office. Minutes later other county officials were on the scene to help the Deputy investigate. The blotches that the man had spotted on the seat were definitely identified as coagulated blood. Six .32 shells were found, as well as four spent slugs. The officers were able to determine the owner of the car without a call to Illinois for identification. Mrs. Mosser's purse was in the car, and her driver's license left little doubt that the car had belonged to her husband. The Oklahoma authorities asked Illinois officials to check on the Mossers, and later in the day, they learned that the family had been on their way to Albuquerque to visit Carl Mosser's twin brother Chris. Osage County officials called Chris Mosser and learned that the man had been about to call the police himself. He had expected his brother Carl and Carl's family in New Mexico three days before. As descriptions of the car were circulated, reports came in describing a man whom several people had seen near the car on the morning of

January 2. The police were able to trace the suspect's movements as far as Tulsa.

The case quickly gained widespread publicity, and other leads began coming into police departments all over the Southwest. The Wichita Falls owner of the gas station and grocery store where the scuffle had occurred gave police his version of the story. Investigators began to fear for the safety of the Mosser family. With the help of Chris Mosser, officials were able to trace the movements of the Mosser family from the time they had left their Atwood, Illinois, farm, until the morning they had eaten breakfast in the Claremore, Oklahoma, restaurant. At that point, the family seemed to vanish.

Then, at last, the story of the unfortunate motorist who had been imprisoned in his own trunk received its proper share of attention from the police. This story gave them a name. The man had found a receipt in his car when it was returned to him. The ticket had been for a revolver made out to W. E. Cook by the clerk of an El Paso pawnshop. It was not long before the files had been combed and the police record on William Cook had been brought to light. Furthermore, the imprisoned motorist's description tallied with the ones given by those who had seen a man near the Mossers' abandoned car.

While a large scale manhunt was getting underway, William Cook had made his way to Blythe, California. He picked a motel where he had stayed before and moved in to catch up on the sleep that he had been missing.

But W. E. Cook was known in the California town, and when the reports came over the teletype that he was wanted for kidnapping and questioning, Deputy Sheriff Homer Waldrip, who had known Cook when the youth had washed dishes in Blythe, thought to check the motel just in case he had come back.

The policeman knocked on the door and waited. When the motel room door opened, he was greeted with the menacing snout of a revolver. Cook repeated what had beome a familiar pattern. He ordered the Deputy Sheriff into the patrol car, then drove off, the cherry-topped auto eating up the miles across the desert.

During the ride, Cook bragged to Waldrip about his kidnappings and killings, and the lawman's fears mounted when the car stopped in the middle of the desert and Cook ordered him out. But instead of killing Waldrip, Cook wrapped him in a blanket, tied him up, and drove off, leaving him behind.

Realizing that the official vehicle would be instantly spotted, Cook traveled down the road a few miles before he saw another car. He flipped on the cherry top and the car pulled over in front of him.

Robert H. Dewey, the 32-year-old driver of the other car, wondered what possible infraction of the traffic laws had brought the patrol car down on him. His surprise turned to terror as he saw Cook run out of the Sheriff's car and level the revolver at his face.

Cook climbed in the car and forced Dewey to drive toward Yuma, Arizona. The gunman wanted to cross the border into lower California.

About thirty miles north of the Mexican border, the nervous driver dropped his cigarette. When Dewey bent to pick it up, Cook thought him to be going for a gun and shot him. The wounded man and his attacker fought in the car as it raced along the desert road. The door on the driver's side fell open as the car slowed. As Dewey was about to fall out, Cook ended his life with a .32 slug in the head.

Cook later said of the incident: "I left him there in the desert and headed for Mexico." He shut the door of the car and drove on, crossing the border at Mexicali and continuing on to San Felipe. Unsatisfied with that town, Cook pushed on; but, once again, the car of his victim gave out. Cook left it along the side of the road and flagged down a car that carried two prospectors.

It had taken some time for Deputy Sheriff Waldrip to free himself from the blanket and ropes, but on January 6, he spread the news that Cook had come back to Blythe.

Law enforcement officers found the Sheriff's car down th road, the red light still flashing. Later, that same day the body of Robert Dewey was discovered. Knowing that Cook had been in the vicinity, it seemed a possibility that he was behind Dewey's death, also. But once again the trail was as cold as it had been on the first day of the alert.

On January 15, news came to the frustrated authorities of the Southwest that William Cook had been captured He had finally been brought to bay 600 miles below the Mexican border in lower California. The police chief of Tijuana, Mexico, Francisco Morales, had captured the murderer after spotting him with the two captive prospectors in the village of San Rosalia. The iron-nerved police chief had walked briskly up to the gunman and snatched the revolver out of his belt. William Cook's days of roaming were over.

On the day of the capture, investigators back in Joplin were given a tip by a convict friend of Cook's. According to the convict, Cook had often spoken of an old mine only a short distance from his boyhood home. There was a chance that the bodies of the Mosser family would be found there.

The shaft was located and powerful searchlights revealed a grisly sight that repulsed even case-hardened police. One by one the bodies of the Mosser family were brought above the ground. The mystery had run its course.

Even though Cook had surrendered peaceably, he refused to give any information to questioning authorities. Then, as if by whim, he confessed to everything. Cook faced charges in Oklahoma and California, in addition to charges brought by the FBI.

For the murder of the Mosser family, William Cook would have been taken to Alcatraz. The federal government, however, released him for trial in California. On November 28, 1951, Cook was found guilty of the murder of Robert Dewey and sentenced to die in the gas chamber. On December 12, 1952, that sentence was carried out at San Quentin.

4.

HOWARD UNRUH: THE QUIET MAN WHO KILLED THIRTEEN IN TWELVE MINUTES

Perhaps because it was hard to believe that with each shot someone was dying, the Camden, New Jersey, residents, who lived near the intersection of 32 Street and River Road, were at first slow to take cover. Some of them heard the gun ring out five times before they believed anything extraordinary was happening.

At the sound of the shots customers in a grocery store across the street and the people in a neighboring bar-restaurant crowded to the windows to see what was going on. The setting in front of them appeared exactly normal. The relatively busy intersection carried the usual amount of mid-morning traffic, and a few cars were on 32 Street waiting for the traffic light to change. It looked like the beginning of a beautiful late summer day. The sky was clear and the morning sun was warming the air. Even the tall man who emerged from the barber shop across the street seemed to move casually, walking at an easy pace in spite of the sound of the shots.

Eyes followed the man as he walked out of the barber shop that had just been vacated by a woman carrying a little boy and girl. When the tall man reached the corner, and the entrance of the drugstore, they could see that he carried an automatic pistol. Then, as if it had been prearranged, out of the drugstore walked another man who practically bumped into him. There was a short pause during which the two men seemed to be exchanging words. Then two more shots rang out, and the man from the drugstore crumpled and rolled toward the street.

The observers had seen enough. The proprietors of the two establishments locked their doors, and the customers fled to the back. As the stunned and frightened people waited, they heard more shots and wondered who the gunman had killed. Although they could not have known it at the time, the killer, who moved calmly through the business establishments across the street, was in the process of setting an all-time high in rapid-fire killings. The quick action of the managers of both the grocery store and the bar-restaurant probably saved the lives of their customers. When the toll was finally taken, the methodical killer had taken twelve lives in twelve minutes, fatally wounding number thirteen, who would die before the day ended, and wounding three others who would survive.

Howard Unruh had been considered a gentleman throughout his adult life. People who came in contact with him believed him to be one of the most mild-mannered young men they had ever met. Unruh seemed to be the kind of man who would go out of his way to avoid trouble. His fellow employees, his former Army buddies, the members of his church congregation, all confirmed Unruh's quiet and responsible nature. Yet, on September 6, 1949, the twenty-eight-year-old ex-GI descended the steps of his mother's apartment, walked out on the streets of Camden and started to kill in what seemed an indiscriminate pattern of murder.

Nobody could understand what had made the quiet young man go off the deep end. But later the investigation revealed that the black day had been festering in the young man's mind for a long time.

Although it is impossible to say when Howard Unruh

first began heading for that day of violence, certain factors of his personality had remained constant throughout his entire life. Even as a schoolboy he was described as quiet, although he could hardly have been classified as abnormally passive. A better-than-average student at school, Unruh went in for activities on a scholarly level. He seems to have been well received in spite of the fact that he did not participate in athletics. As a boy, he had been just another kid. Quieter than some, but still just an average boy.

His parents were middle-class working people, and even though they had begun living separately during Howard Unruh's adolescence, their separation did not change Howard's life significantly. Although still on friendly terms with his father, Howard lived with his mother. The boy's only brother was married and lived in the suburbs.

While in high school, Unruh decided to become a pharmacist and was preparing to study for that career when his plans—like those of many others—were interrupted by World War II. There was probably some speculation among Unruh's acquaintances about the kind of soldier the quiet lad would make, but to their surprise, Unruh became a very efficient fighting man.

Howard Unruh's superiors rated him a top-notch soldier. When the ground got tough to gain, the lanky boy from New Jersey performed surprisingly well from his position as a tank gunner. As part of a tank command, he took part in the Battle of the Bulge and earlier had participated in the trek up the length of the Italian peninsula.

Unruh was also accepted by his fellow GIs, even though they gave him a hard time about his refusal to drink or to go out with girls. Unruh preferred to remain by himself and read his Bible. As often as his buddies tried to set him up with an Italian or French girl, he always turned them down.

The man who was Unruh's sergeant for most of the European tour of duty said that in tense situations Unruh's demeanor never changed. He coolly did his duty at all times. The only time that the sergeant ever recalled the soldier laughing was when another GI mounted a Naples balcony and did an imitation of Il Duce. Unruh was not unfriendly, and even though he abstained from all the customary pleasures of the soldier, he never preached at his barrack mates, nor held himself above them. He was given an honorable discharge at the end of the war, and returned to his New Jersey home, eager to get back into civilian life.

But military life and World War II did have an effect on the quiet man. One of Unruh's buddies was surprised to glance at a page of Unruh's diary and find that Unruh had written with delight of the Germans that he had killed. This ex-GI—who later became a New York police officer—said that after the mass murder, it had been his suspicion that Unruh had had the soul of the murderer all along and that the Army had merely channeled his killer instinct for the duration of the war. The Army had also introduced Unruh to firearms, and he had used them well. During training, Unruh had been ranked as a sharpshooter, and his accuracy did not diminish under combat pressure.

In civilian life, Unruh continued to be fascinated with firearms. He had picked up a couple of souvenirs during the war, and he purchased other pistols to add to his collection. Unruh set up a firing range in the basement of his Camden apartment, and he spent hours there, improving his already excellent marksmanship.

Like many other GIs, Unruh had become a little rusty on his high school subjects, so he took several refresher courses in preparation for entering the university. Once again he wanted to study to become a pharmacist. Unruh was consistently at the top of the class in the preparatory courses, but when he finally enrolled at Temple University in Philadelphia, he had lost much of his ambition. He found the adjustment to civilian life less easy than he had expected. He complained to his mother that he could not concentrate sufficiently to get anything from the courses he was taking. His mother tried to reassure him by telling him that it would require patience to attain his goal.

Though things began to lose meaning for him, Unruh and his mother continued to attend a nearby church regularly, and Howard also participated in a Bible class. The only girlfriend that he was ever known to have had was a member of the church.

But Unruh's benign appearance masked an inner turmoil that was eventually to climax in twelve minutes of death for his neighbors. Howard Unruh had become what psychiatrists term a paranoid schizophrenic. He had begun to view the world around him as an alien place, its inhabitants as his enemies. This mental trauma was not something that had happened suddenly. The new Howard Unruh was the result of many years of mounting suspicion, which his twisted personality had turned into a violent hatred of his fellow men.

There were signs of the impending disaster, but the young man was so unobtrusive that it barely jogged anyone's memory when his name was mentioned. Early in the summer of 1949, Unruh ceased to attend the church he had gone to faithfully since his return from Europe. Although several members of the congregation were aware of this, no one thought it worthy of extensive consideration. About the same time, Unruh stopped dating the girl he had been seeing.

Authorities were later to discover that it was at this time that Unruh was going through some radical adjustments in his sex life and had begun to seek sexual gratification from other men. It was a crucial time in his paranoia, and Unruh felt as though the entire world was peering at him.

Unruh always left his mother's apartment by the rear door and cut through the backyard of his next-door neighbors, the Cohens. Mr. Cohen was the owner of a drugstore which adjoined the flat where he, his wife, son, and mother lived. On one occasion Cohen's mother had yelled out a window at the passing young man.

"Hey, you," the elderly lady said from behind her screened window. "Do you have to go through the yard?" Irritation rang in her voice.

It was not the complaint that hurt Howard Unruh so much as the fact that she had not called him by name. Back in his room he added the incident to a list of grievances that he had already recorded against the Cohens. His expression never changed as he wrote, in a very legible hand, concise statements of complaint. He listed the violation just as impassively as he had listed the bugle that the Cohens had given their 12-year-old son the Christmas before. Higher up on the list was a phrase that told of a screen door that banged late at night. A number of other seemingly insignificant incidents were also marked on the list, and behind each one was the concise abbreviation, "retal."

But the Cohens were not the only people against whom Unruh intended retaliation. He had complaints written against nearly all of his neighbors. Each of these "violations" would have been considered insignificant by a normal person, but, to Unruh, they had acquired tremendous significance—for each notation marked or confirmed an individual for killing.

Unruh had begun his planning two years earlier. With each added irritation, he would revamp his plans. His weapon collection grew. He paid $40 for a 9mm German Luger, which seemed to be his favorite. His suspicions that the neighbors were talking about him behind his back mounted to the point that any time Unruh saw them in conversation, he felt certain they were speaking of him. Actually, Howard Unruh seldom entered the conversation of his neighbors. He simply was not that interesting to them.

Unruh continued to plan. He finally arrived at the conclusion that he would have to kill his mother in order to spare her the agony of the killings he would

later perform. The chief target of his reprisals would be the Cohens, and his special plans for them were the most hideous of all. A machete had been added to Unruh's collection of weapons. After the crime, Unruh told investigating psychologists that he had planned to use the machete to behead Mr. and Mrs. Cohen.

In back of the Unruhs' apartment was an extremely small yard that was completely enclosed by a fence. On September 5, 1949, Howard Unruh sublimated his anger for one more day by installing a gate in that fence. This would allow him to get in and out of the yard without crossing anyone else's property. It was one way to prevent the prying eyes of the neighbors from falling on him. He worked industriously through the day. In the afternoon his father stopped by to give Howard a hand in fashioning the crude gate that was to hang in the middle of the back fence and open to the alley. It was not a work of craftsmanship by any standard but, to Howard Unruh, it represented a personal victory over the neighbors.

What Howard Unruh did on the night of September 5, is not known. At about 3:00 A.M., however, traveling a path that would take him through the newly constructed gate, Unruh came home. He was surprised and angered to find that the gate had disappeared, leaving only a gaping hole in the fence where it had been. As always, his calm demeanor remained, but the incident became the proverbial back-breaking straw. Though pranksters had taken the gate away, Unruh was positive his neighbors were to blame.

He walked into the apartment and began to review the plans he had made, revising and bringing them up to date. Later, the only complaint Howard Unruh had about the night was that he had had trouble falling asleep. Although he had no proof of who actually had taken the gate, there was one way in which he could be certain of punishing the true culprit—he could kill everybody.

The following morning, his mother made eggs and cereal for Howard's breakfast. Mrs. Unruh was disturbed by the wild look in her son's eye, but nothing prepared her for what was to come. Howard Unruh made a quick trip to the basement and returned carrying a chrome-plated wrench. His expression, and the way he handled the wrench, so terrified his mother that she ran from the house. Nearly hysterical, Mrs. Unruh finally stopped at the house of a friend. When she began to tell of the hatred she had glimpsed in her son's eyes, she fainted.

Howard Unruh was a little upset by his mother's reaction. It threw his schedule off and forced him to start earlier than he had planned. He went to his room, loaded the Luger and another pistol, and put a knife in his coat pocket. All the extra clips for the Luger were loaded also, and he shoved them into the other pocket of his coat. Deciding to leave the unwieldy machete behind, Unruh picked up a tear-gas cartridge before he left the room, then walked outside and vaulted the fence instead of walking through the gateless hole in it. He made his way over a neighboring yard and then through an alley that brought him to the sidewalk on River Road, between a cleaning establishment and a shoe repair shop. Unruh's first stop on one of the deadliest walks in history was at the shoe repair shop. The time was 9:20 A.M.

Cobbler John Pilarchik had opened his shop as usual that sunny September day. He was particularly busy working on children's shoes that the youngsters would need for the beginning of school the next week. He had just purchased the shoe repair shop and business was expanding. He looked up from his work as Howard Unruh entered the store, and was met by the barrel of Unruh's Luger. Unruh's expression never changed as he squeezed off two quick shots. The blasts echoed through the little shop, and Pilarchik pitched headlong to the floor.

Taking his time, Unruh walked out of the cobbler's shop and turned to his left, heading for the corner of the block and the Cohen drugstore. But before he got there, he turned into the first door past Pilarchik's, a barber shop owned and operated by Clark Hoover.

When Unruh entered, the barber was busy giving six-year-old Orris Smith a pre-school haircut. Mrs. Edward Smith, Orris' mother was standing next to the boy, who had mounted the plastic horse on which the barber trimmed young would-be-cowboys. Mrs. Smith's eleven-year-old daughter and two boys from the neighborhood were also in the barber shop. The most that could be said for Unruh's expression was that it was impatient. Unruh had come after Hoover, the barber, and the Smith boy was in his way. He shot the boy in the head, then leveled the gun at the barber himself, shooting him once in the body and once in the head. Unruh paid no attention to the other people in the barber shop. Mrs. Smith snatched up her son's body and, together with her daughter and the neighborhood boys, scrambled out of the place.

The buildings leading to the corner of 32 Street and River Road are sandwiched together with hardly any space between them. Therefore it was only a short stroll for Howard Unruh to reach the corner and the entrance to the drugstore. He moved unhurriedly and was about to go in when a man stood in his way. He was the Unruhs' insurance agent, James Hutton, a man with whom Howard Unruh had no quarrel at all.

"Excuse me," Howard Unruh said.

But James Hutton stood stock still, astonished at the sight of the gun in the other man's hand.

Because the man was in his way, Unruh fired the gun twice again, one slug in Hutton's body, the other in his head. The insurance man fell to the sidewalk.

Having disposed of this temporary obstacle in his path, Unruh entered the drugstore to search for the chief targets he wanted to place in front of his Luger. But Cohen had observed what had happened at the entrance of the store and had run upstairs to warn his family. When the gunman could not find anyone in the store, he, too, walked slowly up the stairs.

Mrs. Cohen had hidden her son in one bedroom closet, while she, herself, had hidden in the other. Unruh entered the bedroom and shot through the closet door before he opened it and watched the woman's body fall to the floor. He shot her again, this time in the head, apparently unaware of the footsteps of the escaping boy.

Leaving Mrs. Cohen's body on the bedroom floor, Unruh walked out of this room and into the next, where he found the druggist's mother on the phone, trying to call the police. The Luger banged twice again, and the woman dropped the phone as she crumpled to the floor.

While the killer was occupied with shooting the women, the druggist and his son climbed out a window, onto the sloping roof of the building. Unruh moved to the window and picked off the man with a shot in the back. The druggist's body fell to the sidewalk. Cohen was one man Unruh did not want to miss. Taking careful aim, Unruh shot through the window again. The bullet entered the man's skull and ended his life. Of the four people who had been in the building when Unruh entered, only one remained alive.

But the gunman was far from finished. The Cohens had been his prime targets, to be sure, but there were other neighbors who had to be repaid for the stabs in the back that Howard Unruh had imagined they inflicted on him. As if he were some grim avenger measuring out justice, Unruh retraced his path, his footsteps slow and deliberate as he traversed the stairs and then the length of the drugstore. Outside, the body of James Hutton still sprawled on the sidewalk. A car had stopped on River Road, apparently to aid the luckless Hutton. Without hesitation—and again with deadly accuracy—Unruh leveled the Luger and fired. In his attempt to aid a man beyond help, Alvin Day had forfeited his life.

With practiced smoothness Unruh reloaded, then walked across the street to where a car waited for the lights to change. A woman sat behind the wheel. Before she could pull away, Unruh shot her in the head through the open window. In the car with her were the woman's ten-year-old son and aged mother. Unruh poked the

barrel of the gun through the car window and blasted until the boy and the older woman were also dead.

The tall, taciturn murderer walked on as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, then attempted to enter the supermarket and the bar-restaurant. Unruh fired two shots into the locked door of the bar-restaurant before recrossing the street on a diagonal that brought him back to the shoe repair shop where the carnage had begun. Down River Road, a truck driver was climbing from his cab. It was a long shot, but Unruh proved his marksmanship once again when he hit the driver in the leg.

On the other side of the cobbler's shop, was a tailor's establishment. Tom Fegrino, the owner, was out, but Unruh entered the shop and proceeded to the back room where he found Fegrino's terrified wife.

"Oh, my God, don't," the woman sobbed. Mrs. Fegrino's pleas had absolutely no effect on the killer as he impassively triggered the two shots that ended the woman's life.

Outside again, Unruh chanced to see a movement in a nearby window. Most of the residents had sought cover, but three-year-old Tommy Hamilton had wandered to a window and was looking curiously through it when the glass shattered in front of him and the boy fell to the floor, dead.

Unruh left River Road by way of an alley running between the tailor's shop and the cobbler's shop. Knowing that he was low on ammunition, Unruh walked to a house that opened to 32 Street and entered it.

Mrs. Madeline Harrie was at home with her two sons, Leroy, fourteen, and Armond, sixteen. Though Mrs. Harrie's first thought was to retreat, she decided that she was not going to be driven out of her own home. She turned and held her ground in the kitchen. Her older son went further, however, and rushed the gunman. Perhaps because of the body flying at him, Unruh's aim was, for the first time, inaccurate. He shot twice and only wounded both Mrs. Harrie and her son. He would have shot again, but, mercifully, he had run out of bullets.

For the first time that morning, Howard Unruh seemed to be in a hurry. He trotted lightly back toward the apartment where he lived, vaulted the fence, and ran inside. The thin wail of police sirens was heard. Unruh had barely climbed the stairs when the first police car arrived at the intersection. The time was 9:32 A.M. Only twelve minutes had passed since life on the street had first been interrupted in its normal routine! Soon the entire area swarmed with law enforcement officials.

The news spread quickly and, at the office of the Camden *Courier-Post,* city editor Phillip Buxton had a hunch that he felt compelled to follow. He had heard the killer's identification reported over the police radio and had quickly snatched up the Camden telephone listings to look for a name. When he had located the only possibility, the editor dialed the number, hoping that the deranged killer would answer the phone.

Barricaded in his apartment, Howard Unruh still acted unconcerned. Even while the bullets of the police tore through the plaster walls, he calmly answered the phone. The story of this incredible telephone interview was carried on the front page of the *Courier-Post.*

"Hello," Unruh said into the receiver. His voice was calm.

"Is this Howard?" Buxton asked.

"Yes, this is Howard," the man answered with his usual courtesy. "What is the last name of the party you want?"

"Unruh."

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm a friend," Buxton said, trying to win his confidence, "and I want to know what they're doing to you."

"Well, they haven't done anything to me, yet, but I'm doing plenty to them." He sounded as if he might have been describing a shopping trip.

"How many have you killed?"

"I don't know yet—I haven't counted 'em, but it looks like a pretty good score."

"Why are you killing people?"

"I don't know. I can't answer that yet—I am too busy. I'll have to talk to you later." He hung up.

Unruh was indeed very busy. The police had begun heaving tear gas through the shattered windows, and, almost immediately, the killer lost interest in returning their small-arms fire. He could have retaliated with the tear gas he also carried, but instead he chose to give himself up. Fifty guns were trained on Howard Unruh as he walked out of the back door with his hands in the air. He was frisked and handcuffed immediately.

"What's the matter with you?" someone demanded as they led him away. "You a psycho?"

"I'm no psycho," Unruh replied calmly. "I have a good mind."

Howard Unruh was never brought to trial. A team of over twenty specialists were unanimous in their determination that he was insane. Not many people wanted the twenty-eight-year-old man on the loose, however, and it is doubtful that he will ever leave the New Jersey State Mental Hospital at Trenton.

During one interrogation he told psychiatrists: "I'd have killed a thousand if I'd had bullets enough." Fortunately, Howard Unruh had run out of ammunition.

5.

MAGDALENA SOLIS: PERVERSE PRIESTESS OF HUMAN SACRIFICE

Patrolman Luis Martinez had been a good officer. Now his mutilated body lay on the rocky soil before Police Inspector Abelardo G. Gomez. As if it were not appalling enough that Martinez had been shot, and that his body had been slashed more than fifty times, the inspector was shocked to discover that the man's heart had been cut out.

Gomez shook his head sadly at the grisly remains of the police officer. The body of a fourteen-year-old boy had been found with the corpse of Martinez. The boy, too, had been shot and his body mutilated by countless machete slashes.

"What fiends could be responsible for so bloody a crime?" Gomez asked. None of the policemen answered him. They knew that the question had been addressed to the silent gods of the rugged hills that surrounded the small village of Yerba Buena as much as it had been to them.

Clearing his throat, Gomez made an effort to keep his voice steady. "We may be assured that Martinez went to his death in a manner that was worthy of him. See there, how his underarm has been slashed? Even though he was mortally wounded by the bullet, it is obvious

that he flung up his arm to ward off the machete blows and that he went down fighting."

Inspector Gomez ordered the two bodies to be wrapped in blankets and carried to a nearby building.

"We shall apprehend the murderers of Patrolman Martinez and the boy if it shall take us a lifetime and we shall be forced to enter the very gates of hell."

Before Inspector Gomez of the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico, was able to mark "closed" on the case of the murdered patrolman and the boy, he had indeed felt as if he had crossed the boundaries of the devil's domain. Before he apprehended the murderers, Gomez had encountered nightmarish mass killings offered as sacrifice to ancient Inca gods; a sex cult that indulged in orgiastic rituals; and a voluptuous high priestess who bade her followers to drink from a ceremonial goblet filled with a mixture of marijuana leaves and human blood.

The trail along the rim of this earthly inferno had begun several months before the Martinez murder in a sleazy Monterey bar. There, the Hernandez brothers, Santos and Cayetano, had confronted Eleazor Solis and his sister Magdalena with a most unusual proposition.

"We need a god and a goddess," Cayetano Hernandez said, eyeing Magdalena Solis over the rim of his glass.

"Magdalena is like a goddess," Eleazor Solis said, and he gave an exaggerated sigh. "See how beautiful she is? And she is blonde. *Muy rubio!* You like blondes, do you not?"

Cayetano silenced the tall, thin young man with an obscene gesture meant to convey impatience rather than lust. "Shut up and listen; we're not after your sister's body."

Santos Hernandez gave Magdalena a wink and a broad smile. The two brothers knew that Eleazor Solis had been peddling his sister's body in the streets of Monterey ever since the girl had reached puberty. It was for that reason they had come to the brother and sister with their plan. They knew Eleazor and Magdalena to be totally unprincipled and thoroughly mercenary. If the brother and sister agreed to the scheme, they would be most useful to the Hernandez brothers' plot to make a fortune from the peasants. The possibility of personal gratification with Magdalena did not in any way enter into their decision to reveal their plan to Eleazor Solis. Santos Hernandez realized that it was possible he might indulge himself with Magdalena on occasion, but he knew Cayetano would never touch her because Cayetano preferred the hard-muscled bodies of the farmers of Yerba Buena.

Eleazor Solis sat back in the straight wooden chair and scratched at the stubble on his chin. He shrugged, then picked up his glass of beer. "You tell us what you mean by god and goddess, and we will listen."

Cayetano Hernandez nodded, and touched a match to the tip of a small cigar before he began. "My brother and I have found a most wonderful way to live in comfort without working. We have lived very well for almost a year now. True, there is not much money in this, but there is plenty of food and plenty of all kinds of sex." Cayetano emphasized his point by nudging his knee into Eleazor's thigh. He knew that the gangling, effeminate young man shared his preference for masculine embraces.

"So," Eleazor yawned, veiling his interest. "What has all this to do with us?"

"The chickens which we have been plucking have begun to get a bit restless," Santos told them. "When we came to Yerba Buena several months ago, we quickly decided that the best con would be one that would offer the peons some excitement while pretending to offer them religion. The village is completely isolated. Even a *burro* is reluctant to attempt the trails which lead into Yerba Buena."

"Yerba Buena," Magdalena echoed thoughtfully. She nibbled at her lower lip and snapped her fingers in an impatient ritual intended to prime her brain. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"For many years the farmers there grew marijuana for the racketeers to smuggle into Texas and Louisiana. The Federals broke up the racket, but the marijuana still grows wild all over the place."

Magdalena lowered her eyes and assumed the demeanor of a contented cat about to purr. She had enjoyed marijuana since she had been a child.

"Stick to the point," Eleazor said, shifting uneasily in his chair. He could have been out procuring clients for his sister and making some money rather than sitting there listening to the Hernandez brothers babble about the mysterious "con" they had thought up to take some poor peasants. Eleazor had wondered why he had not seen them around Monterey for a while. Santos had been a pretty steady customer of Magdalena's. He shuddered slightly. That strange Santos. Tattooed all over both of his arms and that blue dot tattooed on his forehead. Santos Hernandez had been a procurer of women, Eleazor thought, even as he was himself. The mustached Cayetano Hernandez had been convicted as a pickpocket and a homosexual. Eleazor Solis reminded himself that he had something in common with each of the Hernandez brothers.

"The point is this," Cayetano continued, "we have set ourselves up as priests in a religious sex cult."

Magdalena arched a carefully mascaraed eyebrow. "What do the Fathers say of this?"

"There are no churches in Yerba Buena," Cayetano said.

"Other than ours," Santos grinned.

"Go on," Eleazor prompted. "You have our interest."

"The ignorant farmers join our cult for three reasons," Cayetano said, straightening three fingers of one hand and counting the reasons off with a forefinger of the other. "They feel the need to belong to something; they enjoy the excitement and sex that we give their otherwise dull lives . . ."

"And three?" Eleazor interrupted.

"Three," Santos answered, "is a share in the treasure."

Magdalena's mouth twisted thoughtfully to one side. "You have a treasure?"

"Yes, oh, yes," Cayetano laughed, "the ancient Inca treasure which is worth the ransom of a hundred kings."

Eleazor snorted. "I am stupid, but even I know that the Incas were in Peru, not in Mexico."

"You think some ignorant farmers in Yerba Buena know this?" Santos asked. He had always been inordinately proud of the fact that he had finished eight years of formal schooling. "They believe only what we tell them."

"But, alas," Cayetano corrected his brother, "their faith has begun to waver."

"And this is why we are back in Monterey," Santos sighed. "We need a god and a goddess."

"We have listened long enough to riddles and stories," Eleazor frowned. "Get to the point or pay for Magdalena's time."

Santos slammed an open palm against the flimsy table top; this brought Eleazor to sharp attention. "Forget about peddling your sister's flesh, you skinny bag of bones. We are offering you a piece of the pie!"

"Which means?" Magdalena asked.

"Which means," Santos said, "that we have been living in a cave for several months, holding services and promising the farmers that if they brought us money, we would continue to pray to the gods of the cave to give up the Inca treasure that lies buried in the mountain. At first, all went well. The farmers brought their money. Cayetano attended to the men while I dealt with the women. We told them that sex with a priest was the best way to rid their bodies of the demons which might offend the gods of the cave.

"Next, I initiated a very beautiful local girl to serve as a priestess. She has a movie star's figure, and her nude dances kept the minds of the men off the treasure for several weeks.

"But now the farmers grow weary of bringing money without results, of having their bodies purged of demons, and of watching our lovely priestess dance. Our cult needs a new angle. We have promised them the reincarnation of a woman faith healer who has been dead for fifty years. Along with her, we have assured the people that a god will appear. We are supposed to have gone up to the mountain top to pray for their holy arrival. We thought it to be of greater advantage to come to Monterey to get you."

"What do you say?" Cayetano asked, leaning forward with a conspiratorial air.

"Do you really expect us to leave Monterey and join you in your pig sty of a cave?" Eleazor laughed. "Do you realize how much my beautiful sister's body brings in for us each day?"

Santos ignored the indignant attitude which Eleazor was feigning. "Wait until you see Celina," he was telling Magdalena. "She is exquisite. She is a very tall girl. Over five-feet-eight-inches. Her legs are long and tapered so beautifully. Her breasts are full. You will like her very much."

Magdalena sipped her beer, her brown eyes wide with interest. She made no secret of her lesbian leanings. The sweaty, rutting love of a man was something to tolerate because it brought money. But only in the love of a woman could she find the fulfillment which she so desperately sought.

Cayetano quickly picked up the cue from his brother and began to ply Eleazor with the same basic approach. "The farmers there are lean and hard muscled—and so innocent," he confided. "Think of the privileges which they would grant to you, a god who has come to guide them."

The Solises appeared in Yerba Buena, in a great puff of smoke, later that same week. To the theatrically innocent farmers, the whole production was most convincing.

The cultists had been summoned to the cave by their priests and seated in the usual prayer circle. Once again, Cayetano had made the speech about the Inca treasure that awaited them, and Santos had exhorted the congregation to give more money as an offering to please the gods. Both priests accused several cultists of not yet having been purged often enough of body demons, and at least one farmer stirred uneasily, already suspecting that even then his wife might be nurturing the seed of priest Santos in her womb.

"If you give more money," Cayetano told them, "and dig deeply enough into the cave, the great priestess and the god will appear to us. Come now," he urged, "come and give of your wages. Think of the great wealth which awaits you."

Members of the prayer circle got to their feet and began the processional past the crude stone altar. Some of the men grumbled, but they produced coins for the offering.

"Now!" Cayetano shouted. "Go ye and dig! Dig deep into this mountain and pray that the great priestess and the god will manifest themselves unto you!"

While the cultists hacked at the rock with their primitive tools, Cayetano ushered Eleazor and Magdalena, from a hiding place in another section of the cave, into the temple area. Santos stretched a large blanket at arm's length and held it to his side so that the Solises might be hidden from the view of the farmers.

"Turn!" Santos shouted at the cultists. "They have arrived!"

The moment the surprised members of the cult dropped their tools and turned to face the temple area, Santos dropped a large handful of smoke powder into the open fire. When the "divine mists" cleared, there stood the reincarnated priestess and the ancient Inca god.

Although Eleazor was swathed in Inca-style ceremonial robes and shook gourds filled with stones, a member of the cult suddenly shouted, "It is St. Francis of Assisi!"

The tall, thin "Inca god" dropped a gourd in surprise, then recovered nicely to make an instant transition from

ancient deity to medieval saint. "Yes," Eleazor told the assembled cultists. "I am St. Francis."

"And I," Magdalena Solis told the startled farmers, "am the great priestess who has come to guide you to the treasure. Hear me and obey!"

The cultists did as their "great priestess" commanded and that night they were initiated into an orgy that included weird chants, bizarre dances, uninhibited sex, and the communal sharing of a bowl that had been filled with chicken blood and marijuana leaves.

For over a month, the four practitioners of perversion operated their establishment under conditions which were truly idyllic. In addition to the regular supply of coins the cultists brought to the temple, Eleazor and Cayetano had the robust farmers with whom to indulge their homosexual lusts, and Santos and Magdalena shared the generous charms of the beautiful Celina Salvana, the voluptuous seventeen-year-old girl who had come into the cult as a true believer. In the interest of harmony, Santos eventually relinquished his claim on the comely Celina and left her solely for the ministrations of the great priestess. There were enough village women whose bodies needed to be purged of demons by his sexual priesthood, and Santos did not want to run the risk of having Magdalena withdraw from the operation in a fit of jealousy.

To facilitate the manipulation of their cultists, the Hernandez brothers had taken a brighter-than-average villager into their confidence. Jesus Rubio had begun heckling them soon after they had announced their claims of being priests of the Inca "faith," and rather than allowing the situation to slip out of their control, Santos and Cayetano had taken Rubio into their confidence and had guaranteed his continued silence with a share of the weekly gains.

One day Rubio appeared at the cave with word of ominous rumblings in the village of Yerba Buena. "The people grow dissatisfied," he told them. "They want to know when the priestess and St. Francis are giving them the Inca gold. They grow weary of their poverty, and they grow tired of being forever purged of their body demons. Especially the men who must submit to Cayetano and Eleazor. For those men that kind of sex is a most unnatural and loathsome act."

Cayetano glared at their informant, and Eleazor leaped to his feet shouting obscenities. "Pig!" he threatened. "Hold your tongue or I shall make you perform such an act with me in front of the entire cult when next we assemble!"

Jesus Rubio sneered at the effeminate Eleazor Solis, who had recently begun to wear lipstick and rouge and to paint his eyes. Eleazor Solis was over six-feet-tall, but he weighed no more than 125 pounds. Perhaps the villagers who revered their reincarnated "St. Francis" would maintain a respectful distance from the young man and avoid incurring his ire, but Jesus Rubio had neither fear nor reverence to prevent him from breaking the skinny pervert in half.

But he did not have to strike Eleazor. It was Santos Hernandez who stepped between the two. "Save your energy to think of a way out of this mess," he told the angry Eleazor.

"Perhaps we have worn out our con here," Cayetano shrugged. "There are other villages."

"No," Magdalena said sharply. "I like it here." Her cat-like eyes narrowed to slits as she watched the beautiful and statuesque Celina Salvana approach with a water jug. "I like it here very much."

"Very well, Magdalena," Cayetano said, "if you enjoy playing the role of the great priestess so much, you think of a way to quiet the discontent of your followers."

"There is a way," Magdalena told them. "There is always a way to silence those who are dissatisfied."

At the next meeting of the cult, Magdalena demonstrated exactly how she planned to maintain control. When she mixed the potion in the ceremonial drinking bowl, she added a double portion of marijuana leaves. In addition, she encouraged both the men and the women to smoke the marijuana cigarettes that Santos and Cayetano distributed to the prayer circle.

After a few minutes of rigorous chanting and an erotic dance by the graceful Celina, Magdalena could see that the drug had begun to take effect on several of the cultists. Then, with a dramatic swirl of her robes, the great priestess stepped before her flock.

"All day I have been praying to the gods of the mountain to release their gold unto you."

An excited murmur of approval rose from the seated cultists.

"I have prostrated myself before this mountain, begging the ancient gods of the Incas to reward their faithful followers with gifts of gold."

"Tell us, great priestess," a woman sobbed, "what did the gods say to you?"

"They told me that they would not release the treasure until all members of the cult were faithful."

A confused babble rose as the villagers loudly protested their faithfulness, their sincerity, and their devotion to the gods.

Magdalena Solis silenced the congregation with upraised palms. "It is true that most of you are faithful and come often with your gifts of sacrifice, but there are among you those who have begun to speak against the priests and the gods. It is those doubters who are keeping the gold from you, not the gods. The gods want you to have the gold. The gods want you to be happy. But they will not deliver the gold into the hands of those who doubt. All suffer because a few lack faith."

In the troubled minds of the worshipers there was bitter frustration. They had tried to follow a set of precepts only to have their reward kept from them by the lack of faith of a few. Theirs was the anger of the poor who find that they have been deprived of a better life by their fellow poor. They knew the righteous indignation that demands that the unfaithful be purged from the midst of those who truly believe.

Shouted accusations had instantly convicted two men who were shoved to the center of the circle. "These swine have denied the priests and the old gods," Jesus Rubio declared to the great priestess. "These dogs have spoken against your own holiness and the holiness of St. Francis."

"They must be destroyed," Magdalena said firmly. "They must be destroyed or the gods shall not deliver up the gold of the ancient kingdom. Take up stones and clubs and kill!"

Eleazor screamed when he saw what his sister had done, but the Hernandez brothers watched the cool efficiency of their great blonde priestess with new-born admiration. Magdalena was oblivious to everything but the rise and fall of the clubs and stones that splattered blood and bits of flesh against the walls and floor of the cave. There was, she had discovered, a great and awesome power in her words.

"Now," she commanded, as the cultists stepped back from the crushed and mangled forms of the two dissenters, "collect their blood into great basins that our next communion may be made more powerful with human blood."

Even the Hernandez brothers were startled at this decree. Human blood in the ceremonial drinking bowl?

"We must convince the gods of our love and sincerity," Magdalena told the cultists. "We must prove that we honor and respect them before they will give up the Inca gold!"

So it was that Magdalena Solis had devised a means whereby the con might continue to flourish and whereby impatient and dissenting followers might be dealt with—all in the interest of the general good of the cult.

Then, on May 28, 1963, several paths of fate seemed to suddenly intersect. By then, at least eight villagers had been dispatched by Magdalena's purification of the cult. Memories later became dim about the actual number

to have been murdered in the name of ritual sacrifice. Some cultists said that the number of deceased had actually been much higher, but at least three of those who had been declared murdered, above the generally agreed upon number of eight, were found in nearby communities. These cultists had fled, they told police, when they learned that they had been selected to be the sacrificial victims at the next meeting.

"The people have been pushed about as far as they can be," Jesus Rubio told the assemblage of priests and priestess when he called on them that May morning. "Eight lives have been taken and still the gods have not delivered the treasure into their hands. Now nearly all of them doubt the word of the great priestess. It is only fear that keeps their mouths shut. How long their fear of the great priestess can bind their tongues, I cannot say."

"What is called for is some great and dramatic act on the part of the priesthood," Magdalena said. The blonde had already decided exactly what that dramatic act would be and which one of the group should be responsible for its performance. Her ardor for the tall and beautiful Celina had cooled since she had discovered that the girl was again paying occasional visits to the bed of Santos Hernandez. "It is wonderful to do those things with you, great priestess," she had told Magdalena, "but a woman sometimes needs what only a man can give her."

When Jesus Rubio had gone, Magdalena called Celina aside and the two of them walked to a quiet spot outside of the cave.

"The cult has great need of your services," Magdalena told the girl.

"My life is devoted to the cult, great priestess," Celina said, lowering her eyes respectfully.

The pathetic thing about Celina was that she had never lost her naiveté about the cult. In spite of the things she had heard and the perverse acts she had witnessed and participated in, the girl still believed that each of the members of the priesthood was exactly what he claimed to be. Magdalena marveled that Celina—only a year younger than Magdalena herself—could be so innocent amid such filth and degradation. Magdalena had never held any illusions about her own life. She was simply a frank female animal who existed to satisfy her own desires. What she had to do, or to whom she had to give her body, had never concerned her. She could pronounce the death sentence on her beautiful lover without a twinge of remorse. It was simply expedient that Celina should be put to death.

Santos, Cayetano, and Eleazor had no idea what Magdalena had in mind when she announced that a special afternoon meeting of the cult must take place that very day. When the cultists arrived at the cave, she immediately ordered the mixture of boiled blood and marijuana leaves to be prepared. The blood, collected from past victims of the ritual sacrifice, was kept in earthenware jugs deep in the damp recesses of the cave in order that it not coagulate.

"Today an act of great significance shall occur," Magdalena told the cultists as they sipped from the drinking bowl. "Today the gods shall be appeased. Today the most virtuous among you has been chosen to present a worthy sacrifice to the old gods. This most glorious person shall give her life that the cult shall receive the gold of the Incas."

Each of the sixteen assembled cultists, as well as the members of the priesthood, looked about curiously to see whom Magdalena had conned into being the sacrificial lamb. All were stunned when the voluptuous Celina let her robes drop to the floor of the cave and stepped naked into the center of the circle of cultists.

"Celina!" Magdalena screamed. "The best follower shall bring about the greatest reward from the gods."

Without hesitation, Celina walked to the cross that had been erected for ritual sacrifices. The girl stretched her arms along the bars that were caked with dried blood.

"Bitch!" Santos spat at Magdalena as he reluctantly bound the limbs of the lovely teenager to the arms of the cross.

Magdalena selected a club from the pile of stout branches that lay against one side of the cave. She walked slowly to the girl pilloried before her. The club described a wide arc as it came down on Celina's face and knocked the girl unconscious.

"Today," Magdalena pronounced, "Celina shall call upon the gods and tell them of your great need. Today the gold shall be given up to you."

There was no passion in her voice. Having uttered these words, she stepped aside so that the ring of club-wielding cultists might finish the grisly work that she had begun.

Just then, fourteen-year-old Sebastian Gurrero was wandering near the cave. One of the few inhabitants of Yerba Buena with ambitious plans for the future, young Sebastian was a quiet, gentle lad, who aspired to go away to school to study medicine so that he might return to Yerba Buena and help his people. The accomplishment of this goal would not be easy, and Sebastian was already used to adversity. Each day during the school year, the boy would rise before dawn so that he could walk seventeen miles to the small one-room schoolhouse in Villa Gran.

With such a schedule, Sebastian knew nothing of the perverse cult that flourished in his native village. If he had heard even the whisper of ritual human sacrifice, he would surely have reported such rumors at once to the police stationed in Villa Gran.

But on that pleasant day in May, Sebastian Gurrero would learn the full, disgusting details of the cult that had been nurtured in Yerba Buena, and, for the young and ambitious student, the knowledge would prove to be fatal.

If it had not been the first day of his summer vacation and if he had not been playing in the mountains and fishing in the streams like other village youngsters, Sebastian Gurrero might have lived to become the doctor who brought health and sanitation to the tiny villages of Mexico's Tamaulipas state.

Sebastian was in the vicinity of the cultists' cave when he heard the vicious shouts of the worshipers as they moved in with their clubs to assault the bound form of Celina Salvana. Frightened, but at the same time curious, Sebastian moved down the hillside until he could see into the cave. Crouching behind some rocks, he was horrified to see the girl being beaten to death. With a terror that soon became a strange fascination, the boy saw the villagers step back from their bloody handiwork and begin to pile brush about the girl's battered body.

Sebastian's mind reeled under the impact of what he observed. Why had these men and women—most of whom he recognized—beaten a young girl to death? He could not identify the girl because her face had been so terribly bloodied. What crude and primitive sort of justice had these people felt compelled to mete out? Had the girl been guilty of witchcraft? Adultery?

Sebastian Gurrero's hands flew to his open mouth to stifle a cry of horror as he saw a blonde woman in flowing robes touch a torch to the pile of brush and branches that had been gathered around the dead girl's feet. He vomited when the first acrid stench of burning flesh reached his nostrils.

For several ghastly moments Sebastian lay behind his rock fortress, retching and sweating while his eyes never left the nightmarish scene being enacted at the mouth of the cave. Then the tableau expanded and the boy heard angry shouts coming from within the mysterious cave.

"Celina is dead," a man protested, "now where is our gold?"

Sebastian recognized the farmer who spoke, but he had no idea who the woman in the flowing robes might be. He could, however, hear her strange rebuke.

"Another doubter! Oh, unfaithful one! It was you who hindered Celina's sacrifice. You have angered the gods."

"He must be sacrificed and his heart ripped out to appease the gods of the Incas," screamed a tall, thin man with strangely painted face.

Farmers rushed to pin the unbeliever's arms behind his back, and two men in robes came to club him and slash him with machetes. When the unbeliever hung limply in the men's grasp, one of the robed figures slashed open his chest and ripped out the still beating heart. The woman stepped forward to catch the man's blood in an earthen bowl.

Sebastian Gurrero could stand no more. He went stumbling down the hillside. It was as if the boy's brain had been so gorged by the horrible sights that his limbs no longer responded to its commands. For a time, Sebastian jerked and staggered down the road as if he were a spastic. Somehow, he walked, ran, and crawled the seventeen miles to Villa Gran.

The officers at the *Policia Rural* had great difficulty understanding what the hysterical boy was trying to say, and when they finally figured out the sense of his story, they had difficulty believing it.

A police captain brought Sebastian food and water. The boy's story was whispered to Patrolman Luis Martinez who had just come on duty. "He babbles something about a weird cave where girls are burned at the stake and men have their hearts ripped out of their chests. Is he mad?"

Patrolman Martinez brought Sebastian a soft drink. The boy accepted it, but pushed the plate of food away. "I'll never eat again," he told the officer.

"You saw something pretty terrible, eh?"

The boy began to cry and Patrolman Martinez put an arm around his shoulder. Whatever the lad had seen, he was taking it very seriously. It would not do to laugh at such a sensitive young man. He and the other officers had heard rumors of a strange religious cult in Yerba

Buena—but the idea of human sacrifices seemed preposterous.

"Do you think like the other officers do, that I have been imagining things?" the boy asked.

Martinez considered the question. He studied the boy's face for a long time before he answered: "I think that you have told what you believe to be the truth. Come, let us take a jeep, and you will show me where this mysterious cave is."

On the evening of May 31, Inspector Gomez was attending to last minute details in his office in Ciudad Victoria, the capital city of Tamaulipas. He was getting ready to leave with his family for a weekend at the seashore. As the Inspector was placing the last sheets of a dossier in a drawer of a filing cabinet, a young police officer rushed in and handed him a communication from the station in Villa Gran.

"You had better look at this, Inspector," the officer said. He avoided his superior's eyes with their glare of annoyance. The Inspector had been trying for a month to get away for a weekend with his family.

Inspector Gomez took the paper from the young officer's hand, read snatches of the message aloud as he interspersed his own running commentary with the information contained in the communication. "Patrolman Luis Martinez and a boy from the village of Yerba Buena left Villa Gran station over twenty-four hours ago to investigate—what is this? A sex cult? A sex cult in Yerba Buena? This is not to be believed!"

"There have been rumors of such a cult, Inspector," the young officer told him.

Inspector Gomez turned to face a large map of the state of Tamaulipas. "Yerba Buena is seventeen miles from Villa Gran," he said, tracing a forefinger over a line which represented the rough and primitive highway. "Twenty-four hours is much too long to be gone on a routine check. Martinez should have reported in long ago."

Inspector Gomez slumped into his desk chair. For several moments he sat in silence while his fingers drummed the desk top. With a great sigh of resignation, he rose again and faced the map. "Order a helicopter to fly me to Yerba Buena," he said. "See that a command of Army troops from Tampico is there to meet me."

When the officer had gone to make the necessary arrangements for the investigation, Inspector Gomez reached for the telephone on his desk. "Now comes the difficult part," he said, "breaking the news to my family that once again we will not be able to spend the weekend at the seashore."

After Inspector Gomez had viewed the mutilated remains of Patrolman Martinez and Sebastian Gurrero, he ordered the troops to seal off the village.

"There are 300 people in this village," he told his men, "and we shall interrogate every one of them if necessary."

An elderly farmer was quick to volunteer information to the investigators. He confirmed the rumor that a sex cult had been thriving in Yerba Buena. He also informed the officers that Santos and Cayetano Hernandez, priests of the cult, had ordered the murder of the policeman and the boy.

"These men have enslaved the members of their cult," the ancient farmer said in a voice that gave evidence to his strong disapproval. "At their command, several of the villagers fell upon the policeman and poor little Sebastian. The cultists sacrificed them to their gods. This I have heard."

"Order an immediate arrest of the Hernandez brothers," Inspector Gomez told an officer.

When the officers began moving toward the cave, they were met with fire from high-powered rifles. Three policemen were wounded by the snipers in the cave, but when the soldiers arrived and began pouring rapid fire into the temple, the cultists began to shout their desire to surrender. Moreover, Santos Hernandez had caught a fatal slug, and the cultists suffered instant disillusionment when their immortal priest fell mortally wounded.

“The priestess will avenge us,” a wild-eyed farmer screamed hoarsely at Inspector Gomez.

Gomez regarded the man closely. The farmer was obviously under the influence of marijuana. “What priestess are you talking about?”

The cultist turned smugly away. At a nod from Gomez, two soldiers jerked him to attention.

“Where is this priestess of whom you speak?” the police inspector demanded.

The farmer winced under the pressure which a soldier was applying to the arm that had been twisted behind his back. “She lives in that hut over there,” he said, indicating a wretched hovel in the village below. “She will kill you all with terrible fire!”

“Come,” Gomez said to the officers who flanked him, “let us pay a visit to this priestess.”

“She lives there with St. Francis,” the farmer screamed after them. “For this interference you will pay with your lives!”

“St. Francis!” the police inspector echoed incredulously.

The police officers and their inspector found Magdalena Solis, clad only in a bra and a red skirt, stretched out on a soiled bed in the filthy hut. She was in a complete stupor.

“Hopped up on marijuana,” one of the officers said as he lifted one of the blonde’s eyelids with a forefinger. “She hasn’t heard any of the shooting. She doesn’t even know that her game is over.”

“She is beautiful enough to be a high priestess of some sort,” Gomez observed.

A groan from beneath the bed alerted the officers to the presence of “St. Francis.” Eleazor Solis, also drugged with marijuana, lay sprawled beneath his sister’s bed.

“What a disgusting sight,” Gomez shook his head when two officers pulled the thin man to his feet. “Lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil.”

Then, as if suddenly awakening from a deep sleep, Eleazor blinked his eyes rapidly and looked about himself in wonder at the sudden appearance of the strangers. “Bow down and pay me homage!” he screamed. “On your knees before St. Francis of Assisi! Unhand me. Do not defile me with your vulgar touch.”

“I’ll defile your blaspheming mouth,” growled an officer as he stepped up to Eleazor, his hand upraised.

Gomez checked the policeman’s blow with a curt order to take the man and woman to the town hall.

After a few hours of interrogation, Inspector Gomez had learned some of the grisly facts behind the bizarre cult. Magdalena, however, maintained her defiance and, because she was among people who still believed in her, the police inspector made the decision to transfer her to the precinct at Victoria. Along with the defiant blonde “priestess” went thirty-seven of her followers who had been placed under arrest.

“They can spend some time in jail thinking over what they have done while we complete our investigation,” the Inspector told the officers responsible for transferring the prisoners to Victoria.

When Gomez next confronted Magdalena and Eleazor Solis, he had the complete details of the orgies, the ritual sacrifices, and the communion bowl filled with human blood and marijuana leaves. According to investigation, twelve cultists had been sacrificed in a vain attempt to gain the favor of the ancient deities. The only one of the ringleaders to elude the authorities was the wily Cayetano Hernandez.

“We have accumulated all these damning facts against you,” Inspector Gomez told the ex-prostitute from the streets of Monterey. “Tell us where Cayetano is. Why should he be allowed to escape the hand of justice?”

Magdalena maintained her silence, breaking it only to explicitly designate an uncharted place where Gomez might go.

Then, through an informer among the prisoners, Gomez learned that Jesus Rubio had been an accomplice of the perverse priesthood. After repeated and grueling interrogation, Rubio surprised the police inspector with the confession that he had killed Cayetano Hernandez.

"Cayetano was a weak man physically," Rubio told Inspector Gomez. "Any man in the village could beat him in a fight. But he had such a strong pull on people that they would do his bidding. Some men were disgusted by the things he forced them to do, but they did them anyway because Cayetano commanded it.

"He was the one who started the whole thing. I decided after they murdered the policeman and the boy that I would kill Cayetano and take over the cult. I thought that with Cayetano out of the way, the others would listen to me and obey me."

Cayetano Hernandez, the man whose scheme it had been to organize the sex and money con in Yerba Buena, had been murdered for political reasons within the cult he had established. His brother and original co-conspirator, Santos, had been killed by the police. Magdalena and Eleazor Solis later admitted that they had joined in the con solely on the promise that they would have abundant sexual enjoyment and plenty of marijuana, in addition to a cut of the money taken from the farmers. Police officers established that the only thing "miraculous" about the defrocked priestess and the decanonized saint, who claimed to be brother and sister, was that, according to their identification files, they had been born only three months apart.

Mexican justice is swift. On June 13, 1963, only eleven days after their arrest, Eleazor and Magdalena Solis were brought to trial along with twelve members of the cult. The Mexican state of Tamaulipas has abolished capital punishment, but each of the fourteen brought to trial received the maximum sentence of thirty years in the state prison at Victoria.

6.

CHARLES STARKWEATHER: HE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A CRIMINAL

Perhaps the most frightening aspect of the mass murderer is that he seldom gives any obvious indication of when he is about to perpetrate his acts of violence. One morning he may seem to be the rather prosaic person known to his friends and associates. But by that evening he may have murdered any number of people and been transformed into a monster of incredible proportions.

To those who knew Charles Starkweather best, it seemed that the short, stocky, nineteen-year-old had only three passions: hot rods, comic books, and hunting. Murder, they would have declared, was decidedly not one of "Little Red's" interests.

Starkweather was undersized, bandy legged, and pigeon-toed. He usually wore cowboy boots, a black leather jacket and blue denim trousers. His defective eyesight made it necessary for him to wear thick glasses. He chose to wear his red hair long and his sideburns bushy in the image of a James Dean "rebel without a cause" type. Starkweather dropped out of high school when he was sixteen because he had developed an antagonistic attitude toward formal education. For a time, he drove a garbage truck, but he was fired for sitting behind the wheel of the vehicle and shouting obscenities and insults at passing strangers. Although he was known to be moody and unpredictable, and possessed a violent temper that often led him into fights with much larger and older men, no one would have predicted that Charles Starkweather would, in January, 1958, begin a trail of slaughter that would leave ten corpses in his wake and throw the whole state of Nebraska into a panic.

The first sign that anything had gone wrong in Lincoln, Nebraska, was the penciled note stuck to the door of the Marion Bartlett residence on Belmont Street. “Stay a Way,” it warned visitors. “Every Body is Sick With the Flue. Miss Bartlett.”

On Saturday, January 25, the husband of the older of Mrs. Velda Bartlett’s two daughters from a previous marriage, telephoned police to complain that his wife had been denied admittance to the Bartlett residence by her sister, fourteen-year-old Caril Ann Fugate. Caril Ann lived with her mother and Mr. Bartlett and their daughter, two-year-old Betty Jean.

When two members of the police department responded to Mrs. Bartlett’s son-in-law’s complaint, Caril would talk to them only from behind the locked screen door. Caril was dressed in a nightgown, and wore a robe draped loosely around her surprisingly well-developed body. Her bleary eyes seemed to indicate that she had been asleep when disturbed by the officers.

When the officers told the girl why they were investigating, Caril became exasperated. “Everybody in this house is sick with the flu,” she said. “The doctor told me not to let anybody come in—and I certainly wouldn’t let my sister come in here with her baby.”

“Why would your brother-in-law get so excited and call us over something like this?” one of the officers asked.

“Ask him,” Caril Ann said, adjusting her robe impatiently. “I don’t know what goes on in his head. He doesn’t like me, for one thing. And he always has to be worrying about something.”

The officers asked a few more routine questions, got the names of each member of the household, then left to make their report to headquarters. As they pulled away, they noticed that the lights in the house on Belmont Street went out.

Two days later, Mrs. Bartlett’s mother brought *her* complaint in person to Assistant Police Chief Eugene Masters. According to the woman, she, too, had attempted to enter the Bartlett home only to be denied admittance by her granddaughter Caril.

“There’s something fishy going on,” the woman insisted. “Caril’s voice just didn’t sound right, like she was covering something up.”

Chief Masters assigned two officers to accompany the woman to the Bartlett residence. The warning note was still tacked to the front door, but, this time, Caril did not respond to the insistent knocking of the police. With the permission of the grandmother, the two policemen entered the house through a window opening off the front porch. They made a preliminary search of every room in the house and found no one. The officers were forced to agree with the woman that the whole business was more than a bit strange. “But maybe they’ve all gone to the doctor,” one of the officers suggested. “It is early in the day. Check with them later. If you don’t get any answer, call us again.”

Later that day, Mrs. Bartlett’s son-in-law drove to the home of Charles Starkweather’s brother to inquire whether or not the man had any idea of the whereabouts of Charlie, who was Caril’s boyfriend.

“My wife and her grandmother are all riled up,” he explained. “We’ve been knocking on the Bartletts’ door for three days now, and Caril won’t let us in. We’ve even had the police out there twice. Now there’s nobody home.”

Starkweather admitted that he had not seen Charles for several days and had no idea where he might be, but he did offer to accompany the man back to the Bartletts’ home to conduct a search of the house. "Maybe we can get some idea as to what's going on," Starkweather said.

They found the first body in the chicken coop in back of the house. Marion Bartlett had been shot in the head with a .22 rifle. Wrapped in blood-soaked rags and quilts, his frozen body lay wrapped on the chicken-coop floor.

Mrs. Velda Bartlett's body was found in an abandoned outhouse a few feet away from the chicken coop. Mrs. Bartlett had been killed in the same manner as her husband. Two-year-old Betty Jean had been beaten to death. Her body was stuffed into a cardboard box. The bodies of both mother and child had been covered with newspapers.

Within minutes, municipal police and officers from the Nebraska Safety Patrol Criminal Division were at the Bartlett house. Assistant Police Chief Masters and County Attorney Elmer Scheele were shocked by the murder of the three members of the Bartlett family, but their primary concern was for the fourth member of the family, who might have survived the carnage.

"Where is Caril Ann Fugate?" Masters asked, giving voice to the question that had been on the minds of the other investigators. "Is her body hidden somewhere on the premises, or did she manage to escape? Or, worse, did she participate in the murders of the Bartletts?"

A report was not long in coming which provided the answers to the investigators' questions. "Caril Ann Fugate was seen earlier today with Charles Starkweather," Masters said as his eyes skimmed the report. "The two kids were riding in Starkweather's hot-rod Ford. Someone saw them loading two suitcases into the car."

"Do you think they had anything to do with the murders?" a reporter asked the Assistant Police Chief.

"It may be coincidence that they picked today to run away," the officer told the newsman, "but we want to have a talk with them."

A description of the two teenagers went out with the emphasis that they were to be brought in only on "suspicion."

Police Chief Joseph Carroll could find only one minor infraction against Charles Starkweather in his department's records. Six months earlier, the boy had allowed the under-age Caril to drive the elder Starkweather's automobile. The fourteen-year-old girl had promptly involved the auto in a minor traffic accident, and Charles' father had made a formal complaint.

There was no record of any kind on Caril Ann Fugate. Her teachers described her as a quiet girl who had never caused anyone trouble. She had often expressed a desire to become a nurse and to spend her life helping others. Girlfriends said that Charles Starkweather had been Caril's first and only boyfriend.

Then came a report from the operator of a gas station eight miles south of Lincoln. This provided the police with their first real indication that the young couple were running away because of guilt rather than because of love. Starkweather had stopped to buy gasoline and to have a flat tire repaired. The boy had kept needling the operator to hurry. He had purchased a box of .22 rifle shells and a box of .410 shotgun shells.

"That boy was in a real hurry when he left here," the man from the gas station told a patrolman. "He peeled out of here heading south."

A description of the automobile and the license plate numbers were broadcast to all highway patrolmen and municipal policemen in the area, but, somehow, Starkweather managed to avoid all patrol cars and roadblocks.

Then, on the morning of January 29, a garage man who lived in Bennet, Nebraska, sixteen miles southwest of Lincoln, notified the authorities that he had seen Starkweather's car in the driveway of the August Meyer farmhouse.

As it was still early morning, County Sheriff Merle Karnopp and his deputies hoped to surprise Starkweather before he might have time to leave the Meyer farm. As the police roared toward the Meyer place, they broadcast a request for reinforcements. Within minutes after receiving the alert from the garage man, state and county law enforcement officers had surrounded the August Meyer farmhouse.

"Come out with your hands in the air," Sheriff Karnopp shouted through his bullhorn. "Charles Starkweather, we know that you're in there. Lay down your arms and come out at once."

There was no response from the farmhouse. Sheriff Karnopp repeated his demands several times before he gave the order to fire nine tear-gas bombs through the windows.

Taking the volley of tear-gas bombs as the signal to move in, the posse began to approach the farmhouse from all sides. A patrolman kicked in a rear door to a detached washroom and found the body of seventy-year-old August Meyer.

"Starkweather and the girl are gone," the officer said, his face ashen with his discovery, "but he left the farmer with his head nearly torn off by a shotgun."

"There's no doubt that Starkweather and the Fugate girl have been here," a lab man concluded after the investigation. "We've picked up their fingerprints in several rooms."

Just a few hours after the police had discovered Meyer's body, Evert Broening, another Bennet farmer, found the corpses of two teenagers, Robert Jensen, seventeen, and Carol King, sixteen, at the bottom of an abandoned storm cellar about half a mile from the Meyer farm. Both youngsters had .22 caliber gunshot wounds in their heads.

According to the coroner's report, the teenagers had been killed before Meyer. In a reconstruction of the crime, police officers theorized that Starkweather and his girlfriend had come upon the teenagers as they sat in Jensen's automobile. Starkweather, realizing that the heat had been put on by the discovery of the Bartlett murders, had probably killed Jensen for his automobile. Carol King had been stripped naked and sexually assaulted before she had been killed. Then, for some reason, Starkweather had driven his own car into Meyer's driveway and murdered the farmer.

Newspaper headlines warned of the "Red Dog Killer" that was loose on the plains, and residents of the towns and farms of southern Nebraska made an extra check of the locks on their doors before they went to bed at night.

Even at that point in the investigation, officers were debating Caril Ann Fugate's role in the murders. Some argued that the girl had been taken along by Starkweather to use as a hostage if, and when, he was confronted by law enforcement officers. Others, perhaps more cynical, theorized that the fourteen-year-old had accompanied her boyfriend quite willingly and was probably assisting him in the slayings.

Colonel C. J. Sanders, head of the state highway patrol, expressed his fear that Caril would be Starkweather's next victim. "He'll stop at nothing if the girl becomes a burden to him," Sanders said.

Two-hundred policemen, safety patrolmen, and deputies were assigned full time to the Starkweather case. This army of law enforcement officers was joined by well-armed civilian posses. But even this impressive group of defenders was unable to save the lives of the C. Lauer Ward household.

Ward, a Lincoln, Nebraska, businessman, failed to report to his office on Wednesday, January 29. A relative of Ward's had received no response when he rang the bell at the Ward residence, and he became alarmed when he found a 1950 blue Ford in the Ward garage in place of the businessman's 1956 Packard.

"That sounds like Starkweather's car," Assistant Police Chief Masters sighed as he heard the report from the desk officer who had taken the phone call from the worried relative of C. Lauer Ward. "I'm afraid that Little Red has doubled back to Lincoln and killed again."

Later, when Masters and investigating officers broke into the Ward home, they found the businessman's body—fully clothed, even to hat and topcoat—lying in the foyer. Ward had been shot in the head at close range and stabbed in the back. The corpses of his wife Clara, and the Wards' maid, Lillian Fenci, were found in the bedroom. Both women had been bound and gagged and had been stabbed repeatedly.

"Starkweather is becoming more and more vicious in his killings," a lab man remarked to Masters.

Assistant Chief Masters nodded. "The Ward house was on the route Starkweather used to take when he worked as a garbage man, so he probably knew the house pretty well. But why he came back to Lincoln to kill them, we'll probably never know."

Lincoln, Nebraska, began to suffer the panic that only a city undergoing the vicious assaults of a mass murderer can experience. The governor of Nebraska, Victor Anderson, mobilized 200 troops of the National Guard to aid the 1,000 man posse of the sheriff's office. Plans were formulated for a house-to-house search in a city with a population of nearly 100,000.

In spite of the veritable legions engaged in around-the-clock pursuit of Charles Starkweather and his girlfriend, the pair managed to avoid the more than one-hundred roadblocks set up by the safety patrol and to cross the state line into Wyoming.

On a highway near Douglas, Wyoming, the terrible trail of carnage would end—but not until Charles Starkweather had taken a tenth life.

Merle Collison, a shoe salesman, had pulled his car over to the side of the road so that he could take a nap. Collison had just had time to fall into a deep sleep when he was awakened by the crash and roar of a shot being fired through his window.

"Come on outa that car, mister," a short, side-burned youth shouted at him, while gesturing violently with a

slide-action .22 rifle. Collison blinked his eyes, suddenly startled into wakefulness.

"Okay, okay," he cautioned the teenager. "Just don't do anything crazy with that rifle."

Such advice was wasted on Charles Starkweather. As soon as Collison stepped out of his automobile, Little Red began pumping bullets into him.

"We got us another car, honey!" he shouted to Caril Ann Fugate. "The guy fell back into the car, though. Come help me get him out on the road."

Starkweather had also noticed that Collison had applied the emergency brake; and when he leaned over the corpse and tried to release it, he found himself unable to budge it.

It was at that moment that Joseph Sprinkle, an oil company agent, drove by. Sprinkle saw the two automobiles parked at the side of the road and the two young people tugging at something. It seemed to Sprinkle that here were some people who might use some help.

Sprinkle pulled over to the side of the road and braked his car. Probably two cars traveling together, he thought, and one of the drivers had become ill. Sprinkle walked back to offer his assistance.

"Hold it right there, mister!" Starkweather shouted, leveling the rifle at Sprinkle.

The agent recognized Starkweather from pictures in the newspapers. In an effort to disguise himself, the youth had made a clumsy attempt to dye his red hair with black shoe polish, but the man knew that he was standing face to face with the boy the news media called a "mad dog killer." The worst part of it all was that he was also looking down the business end of Charles Starkweather's rifle.

"Help me release the emergency brake on this car—or I'll kill you," Starkweather told Sprinkle.

For the first time, Sprinkle saw that the man lying on the front seat of one of the cars had been riddled with bullets. Regardless of how well he might serve the young killer, the agent reasoned he was going to end up just like that unfortunate man sprawled across the front seat.

Sprinkle reached for the hand brake and pretended to begin to tug on it. When Starkweather put a hand on the brake, Sprinkle grabbed for the rifle.

"You bastard! Gimme my rifle," Starkweather screamed. "Jump him, Caril! Do something! Get the shotgun."

The two men stood struggling in the middle of the highway. Caril hesitated. Another car was fast approaching. Caril recognized the red warning light on the top that marked it a law enforcement vehicle.

Deputy Sheriff William Rohmer of Casper, Wyoming, was quick to comprehend the meaning behind the savage struggle that was taking place in front of him. The Nebraska license plate on the Packard provided him with immediate identification of the short, stocky youth who was wrestling over the rifle, and the jacketed girl who stood near the fight like some stunned and silent cheerleader at an athletic contest. The girl was about to run back toward the Packard when the sheriff approached, and suddenly Caril Fugate seemed almost to be undergoing some strange paralysis.

As Deputy Sheriff Rohmer stepped out of his car, Caril Ann Fugate made her decision. "Help!" she screamed, running toward the lawman. "It's Starkweather! He's going to kill me. He's crazy. Arrest him!"

At that same moment, Sprinkle managed to wrench the rifle from Starkweather's hands. Rohmer shouted for Starkweather to halt as the youth sprinted for the Packard. The policeman was unable to fire his revolver because the girl was running toward him, directly in the line of fire, and the youth got away.

"It's Starkweather," Rohmer radioed to his headquarters, giving the exact location where other officers might join the pursuit. "Get in," he said to Caril Fugate, "you're coming with me."

With the girl beside him in the front seat, Deputy Sheriff Rohmer roared his patrol car back onto the highway to take up the chase. Ahead of them, Police Chief Robert Ainsley and Converse County Sheriff Earl Heflin had picked up the alert and spotted Starkweather in the Packard. The officers chased Starkweather at speeds up to 115 miles-per-hour. Sheriff Heflin even blasted the rear window out of the Packard. Finally, four miles out of Douglas, Nebraska, Starkweather suddenly braked the Packard to a tire-squealing halt in the middle of the highway.

Little Red staggered out of the bullet-riddled Packard, whimpering in pain and holding both hands to his right ear.

"I'm hit," he wailed. "You lousy bastards shot me."

While Heflin held a shotgun on Starkweather, Chief Ainsley examined the wound. "You're a real tough guy, aren't you?" Ainsley snorted. "You've got a superficial cut caused by flying glass."

Little Red looked up at his captors and narrowed his eyes. "If I would have had a gun, I would have shot all of you cops. You never would have taken me if I hadn't of lost my rifle to that bastard."

Charles Starkweather freely admitted his crimes to investigating officers in Wyoming and in Nebraska.

Why had he killed the Bartletts?

"I was sitting around their house while Caril was at school. They said they were tired of me hanging around. I told Mrs. Bartlett off and she got so mad that she slapped me. When I hit her back, her husband started to come at me, so I had to let both of them have it with my rifle."

What was Caril Ann Fugate's role in the murders?

"Don't take it out on the girl. She had no part in any of it."

Starkweather went on to detail the killings. He had killed Robert Jensen and Carol King so that he could steal their car. Meyer had been shot because the farmer had a gun that Starkweather wanted to take with him. After that murder, Little Red and Caril had gone to the Ward home in Lincoln in order to hide out for a while. This move, of course, had necessitated the slaying of the Wards and their maid. Collison had been killed in an attempt to gain still another automobile.

Then came the most important question of all: Why had he committed the murders?

Little Red had an answer. "I always wanted to be a criminal," he said, then added, "but not this big a one."

Both teenagers were charged with murder, in spite of Starkweather's insistence that "she had no part in it." Caril Ann Fugate continued to plead her innocence, and her attorney tried to establish a case that demonstrated that Caril had been an unwilling hostage of the killer from the very beginning.

In May, 1958, Charles Starkweather was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death in the electric chair. Caril Fugate, who, because of her age, had been kept at the Lincoln State Hospital, was beginning to arouse more and more citizens to championship of her cause. It was at last decided that only a trial would settle the matter of Caril Ann Fugate's involvement in the ten murders.

On October 27, in the same high-ceilinged old courtroom where Charles Starkweather had received his death sentence, Caril Fugate went on trial before Judge Harry Spencer. According to Nebraska law, if the jury found her guilty, it would also prescribe her penalty. The teenager was charged with two counts of murder: (1) the premeditated and malicious murder of Robert Jensen; (2) the murder in the perpetration of the robbery of Robert Jensen. The court had appointed John McArthur to represent the girl. The prosecutor for the state was Elmer Scheele, who would seek to prove that Caril had been a willing partner in the murders rather than a hostage of the killer.

While on the witness stand, Deputy Sheriff William Rohmer related to the court the admission which Caril

Ann Fugate had made to him immediately after her surrender. "She told me that she had seen ten people murdered," the lawman said. "She described the argument between her mother and Starkweather, the shooting of both adults, and told how her boyfriend had finally killed the baby by pushing the barrel of his rifle against her throat. She said that she had seen him kill her family, a boy and a girl, a farm hand, and three other people."

The state prosecutor was quick to point out that Rohmer's testimony was a direct contradiction of Caril Ann Fugate's statements in which she denied being present while her family had been murdered. According to Miss Fugate, she had been at school when the killings took place and had not learned that her family had been killed until after her capture.

In statements made immediately after his capture and during his trial, Starkweather had substantiated Caril's story. But now, at Caril's trial, firmly unrepentant for the slayings but fully aware that he was going to die in the electric chair, Little Red laughed at the defense attorney's charge that he had held the girl as a hostage.

"She could have escaped any time she wanted to," he told the court. "I left her alone lots of times. Sometimes when I would go in and get hamburgers, she would be sitting out in the car with all the guns. There would have been nothing to stop her from running away.

"One time she said that some hamburgers were lousy and said that we ought to go back and shoot all of them people in the restaurant.

"After I shot her folks and killed her baby sister, Caril sat and watched television while I wrapped the bodies up in rags and newspapers. We lived in her folks' house for three, four days before we ran away. It was just all hogwash and lies what I said before about her being so innocent and all. We just cooked up that hostage story between us."

Throughout her former boyfriend's damning testimony, Caril Ann Fugate wept quietly, her red-rimmed eyes never leaving his face. Defense Attorney MacArthur asked for a mistrial on the grounds that Starkweather was co-operating fully with the prosecution but refused to co-operate with the defense. Judge Spencer denied the motion, but he informed the attorney that he might continue to cross-examine Starkweather if he felt that continued questioning would benefit his client.

The prosecution continued to press its advantage with statements by the arresting officers and by quoting Caril's own contradictory statement made immediately after her return to Nebraska.

When Caril took the stand on November 12, she told the court that she had been "scared to death of Starkweather during the entire ordeal" and that she had helped him "only because he told me to." It was true that the pockets of the jacket she had been wearing at the time of her capture had been filled with clippings of the murders but, according to Caril, "Charlie had put them there and wouldn't ever let me read any of them."

During his cross-examination, prosecutor Scheele asked Caril, "While you were riding with Charles Starkweather, did you tell him that you loved him?"

"Yes, I did," Caril answered. "I was afraid he would kill me."

"Did you kiss him?" the prosecutor continued.

"No," Caril testified, "he kissed me."

"He kissed you?"

"Yes."

"That is all."

Defense petitioned for a dismissal of the charges for lack of evidence when the state completed its cross-examination of Caril. Again, the motion was denied.

On November 20, after nine-and-a-half hours of deliberation, the jury of seven men and five women found Caril Ann Fugate guilty of murder in the perpetration of the robbery against Robert Jensen. The penalty was fixed at life imprisonment.

Caril left the courtroom protesting her innocence in an

anguished voice that quivered and broke under the burden of her tears. Whether or not Caril Ann Fugate shared equally in the murders committed by Charles Starkweather during that terrible January, 1958, is a question dealt with periodically in the state of Nebraska. At this writing, Caril Ann Fugate, now twenty-two, continues to serve out her term of life imprisonment.

7.

MELVIN DAVIS REES: SLAYER FOR SEX

Carroll Jackson yawned as he ground his Chevrolet over the Virginia dirt roads toward Apple Grove. Sunday, January 11, 1959, had been a pleasant day for the burly twenty-nine-year-old truck driver, but he and his family were tired after a day spent visiting relatives. Jackson's wife, Mildred, was holding their eighteen-month-old Janet. Four-year-old Susan Jackson sat quietly in the back seat.

Suddenly Jackson was annoyed to see the bright lights of a car approaching from the rear. The lights streamed steadily through the back window and reflected off the mirror into Jackson's eyes. It seemed nothing to be alarmed about. As a truck driver, Jackson had seen too many discourteous drivers on the road to accord this one any special distinction. Yet, Carroll Jackson noted with mounting irritation, the car had sped to a position close behind him and—once there—remained, a persistent tail-gater.

Jackson, not relishing the glare coming from the other car's headlights, reached up and knocked the mirror askew. Without warning, the other car began moving out around Jackson. The truck driver hoped he had seen the last of the blinding headlights. To his surprise, the car did not pass him, but remained parallel as it moved along

the gravel road. When Jackson slowed down, the other car slowed down; when Jackson increased his speed, the other car accelerated.

Becoming concerned for the safety of his family, the truck driver wondered what kind of a lunatic might be at the wheel of the other car. Not wishing to pile his car up on a lonely country road, Carroll Jackson slowed to a stop. The car that had been following him for several miles, swerved to the side of the road in front of Jackson, and the driver was out of the car as quickly as the truck driver. Carroll Jackson was furious and prepared to give the other driver a piece of his mind when he saw a nickel-plated revolver flash in the headlights of his car.

It was the beginning of a night filled with horror for the Jackson family. The man waved the pistol menacingly, and the truck driver took a couple of steps away from the side of the car. He watched as the armed stranger moved to the window and took a long look at Mrs. Jackson and the two girls, whose faces were barely visible in the darkness.

"Everybody outside," the gunman commanded. "And turn out those headlights."

Mildred Jackson obeyed. Carrying little Janet, she helped Susan from the back seat. The man watched as the woman and her children moved around the car next to the truck driver.

"If you want my money . . ."

"Shut up," the man said, waving the gun. "All of you come on over and get in my car."

The Jacksons had no choice but to obey. First the gunman took Carroll Jackson's necktie and bound the man's hands with it, then he forced the entire Jackson family to crowd into the trunk of his car before he sped down the road.

Melvin Davis Rees, a professional musician, was a quiet man. He was tall and dark, had a thin face and wore his hair long. Rees' most prominent facial characteristic was the heavy eyebrows that arched over his moody eyes. Although most of Rees' friends considered him mild mannered, some of them were aware of the bizarre kicks he undertook as a thrill seeker. Rees' work kept him traveling a lot, since he usually played emergency fill-in engagements because he performed well on saxophone, clarinet, piano, and guitar.

Rees had had only one brush with the police, and most of his friends knew nothing of that. On March 12, 1955, Rees had been charged with assaulting a thirty-six-year-old woman. The woman claimed that Rees had pulled her into his car after she had refused to take a ride with him. But the woman did not press her charge and Rees was released. The authorities could hardly have known that they were releasing a man who would later be linked to nine murders that would be horribly colored with sexual sadism.

Thinking the Jacksons to have proceeded safely home, Mildred Jackson's aunt, Mrs. H. M. Ballard, who lived near the relatives the Jackson family had been visiting, was surprised to see the late model Chevrolet standing at the side of Highway 609. It looked like the Jacksons' car, but Mrs. Ballard could not believe that anything had happened to the family. Mrs. Ballard was on her way to Richmond, Virginia, and she stopped in at Apple Grove to visit the Jacksons. She found nobody home. When she returned later that day, Mrs. Ballard again noticed the Chevrolet standing at the roadside. More than a little worried, Mrs. Ballard turned her car around, returned to Apple Grove, and again found the Jackson house empty. She called the sheriff.

Sheriff Willis E. Proffitt of Louisa County, Virginia, and the local authorities from Mineral, Virginia, found the abandoned car apparently undamaged. The keys dangled from the ignition and the rear-view mirror had been bent up at a sharp angle. To the officers, this suggested two things: first, that whoever had been in the car had left it in a hurry, and, second, that the driver had turned the mirror to keep out of his eyes the bright lights of another car. That a car had pulled over in front of the abandoned Chevrolet was borne out by skid marks in the road. Sheriff Proffitt radioed the license number of the abandoned car to his office and found that it was—as Mrs. Ballard had feared—registered to Carroll Jackson. Other clues in the Jackson automobile also suggested that the family had been forced to leave the vehicle. Mrs. Jackson's purse rested on the dashboard, and the children's dolls remained abandoned in the back seat.

It appeared obvious that the Jacksons' car had been forced to a stop, and the officers could arrive at only one reason for Carroll Jackson having not protected his family from the driver of the other car—whoever had interrupted the Jacksons' homeward journey had obviously been armed.

An extensive search for the Jackson family began, and county officials from Maryland and Virginia asked federal officials to also take part. With such large-scale publicity, reports began to come to police headquarters from others who had been plagued by a nighttime motorist while they drove in the area where the Jackson car had been found. One of the complainants said she had been forced to stop by a man she described as having, "stringy hair," and who drove a blue or green Ford. Luckily the woman had outwitted the man by powering her car around his when he got out of it.

After two months of an extensive search, there was still no trace of the Jacksons. The efforts of the FBI, the local police, the sheriff's office, and the townspeople had netted a big zero. Then on March 4, James Beach and John Scott were driving near Fredericksburg, Virginia, when their car got stuck in a muddy stretch. The two men had been on their way to an old sawmill to obtain some rotting sawdust to be used as fertilizer for Beach's rose bushes.

The men climbed out of the car and regarded the mired-down wheel. They decided to use some brush and weeds from a nearby field to put under the tires in order to obtain more traction. They counted themselves lucky to find a pile of weeds just a few feet off the road, but when Beach reached down and picked up a handful of brush, he had the horrible surprise of seeing a man's leg sticking up at him.

Beach and Scott forgot their bemired car and ran down the road, calling for help. They attracted the attention of Francis Boggs, a game warden. One look was all that Boggs needed to send him scurrying back to his car and into Fredericksburg to notify the police.

Boggs and Lieutenant Kramer of the Fredericksburg police returned to the scene within minutes. The police lieutenant began to remove the debris that had been piled on top of the body. The man they'd found looked powerfully built and about six-feet tall. His hands were tied in front of him with a necktie. Two inches above the base of his skull was the rotting scar of a bullet hole. As the debris was pulled from the remainder of his body, the investigators discovered the body of an infant that had been partially concealed by the man's corpse. The bodies were later identified as those of Carroll Jackson and his baby daughter Janet. The coroner confirmed that Carroll Jackson had been killed by the bullet wound in his head, but reported that little Janet had died either of suffocation or exposure.

The lawmen searched the area but found nothing that gave a hint of the whereabouts of the murderer or of Mrs. Jackson and Susan.

Across the state line in Maryland, police officials from Gambrills and Annapolis had been working on a case that had defied solution for almost two years. On June 26, 1957, the Annapolis police had received a frantic telephone call from an Army sergeant who described a shooting that had taken place in his car. Although the police could not get too many details over the phone from the emotionally distraught man, they dispatched a car to the farm from which he had called. Lieutenant Elmer Hagner and Patrolman Arthur Green had been only five miles from the scene when the call came over their radio. They picked up the sergeant, then hurried down the road as they listened to his tale of terror.

The sergeant and a friend named Margaret Harold had been on their way home for a weekend when they had stopped along the side of the road to look at some shrubbery. They were about to get underway again when a green Chrysler had passed them, then pulled over sharply in front of them and blocked their paths. A tall, thin-faced man with long hair got out of the car and walked quickly to the right side window of the sergeant's car. Alarmed, Miss Harold drew away from the window.

"What the hell do you want?" The sergeant leaned over to protect his companion when he saw the blunt nose of a .38 caliber pistol. Its shiny, nickel-plated surface flashed in the afternoon sun.

The pistol never wavered from its aim at the sergeant's head as the man jerked open the back door of the car and climbed into the seat. His fingers curled around Margaret Harold's neck, then wound into her hair. She shuddered and tried to pull away.

An impatient flash of hatred and rage crossed the man's face. Without a word, the intruder leveled the gun at the woman and shot her in the face.

The stunned sergeant watched the woman's body stiffen, then fall toward the opposite side of the car. Realizing the intruder's next impulse may have been what saved the sergeant's life. The soldier's hand jerked at the door handle and the next minute he was outside, running down the gravel road, running from side to side, never knowing when the killer might level off on him. A mile later, the road crossed the well-traveled, hard-surfaced Route 450. There, the sergeant prevailed upon a farmer to let him use his phone to call county officials in Annapolis.

When police officers arrived on the scene, they found the sergeant's car exactly where he had left it. The body of Margaret Harold lay slumped in the front seat. The woman's dark hair was sticky with blood. The car itself was fingerprinted, but no prints other than those of the sergeant and Margaret Harold could be found.

Although they did not really expect to find anything of value, the police officers searched the area around the car as a matter of general procedure. When Police Chief William Wade and Lieutenant Hagner walked around a nearby cinder-block building, they were surprised to note a broken basement window. They found that the dwelling was unoccupied, so the chief and the Lieutenant dropped through the window to go inside.

The scene that awaited the two men was not at all what they had expected. Lining a basement wall was one of the most complete collections of photographic pornography that they had ever seen. From one end to the other, the wall was covered with provocatively posed women displaying bursting bare bosoms and buttocks. In addition to the pin-ups—which would have delighted any connoisseur of the female form—there was a vast array of morbid pictures portraying women who had been brutally murdered; women lying in pools of blood; women who had been knifed, shot, or beaten to death. The officers could not be certain that the bizarre collection of photographs had anything to do with the murderer they were looking for, but it was the only lead they had.

One picture in the collection particularly attracted their attention, not because it was the most provocatively posed, but for exactly the opposite reason. The picture was of a girl—pretty, to be sure—but very conservatively dressed, and the paper seemed to be of a special variety, different from the rest. Chief Wade had the picture sent to the FBI labs in Washington for analysis. He hoped that they would be able to track down the unusual paper the picture had been printed on. The paper turned out to be a kind frequently used in college yearbooks, and FBI investigators checked all the schools in the Gambrills

and Annapolis vicinity before they hit upon the right one —the University of Maryland. School officials there identified the girl in the picture as Wanda Tipson, a 1955 graduate. But once again the trail grew cold. Although the girl was easily located, she could not remember having dated a man who fit the description exactly, even though there had been more than one who had been tall with dark hair.

Not even the greatest of detectives would have linked the murder of Margaret Harold with the disappearance of the Jackson family. Then two schoolboys, who had been playing in the woods near the cinder-block structure where the police had found the collection of pictures, happened to discover a shallow grave containing two more bodies. Chief Wade, who knew about the disappearance of the Jackson family just across the Virginia border and of the discovery of the first two bodies, saw a connection which could not be attributed to coincidence alone. He hurried to the scene, which he had already investigated thoroughly almost two years before. There, not more than a hundred yards from the place where Margaret Harold had been shot and killed, he found the shallow grave of a woman and a little girl.

The boys explained that they had been playing in the area when they noticed a pile of earth that had been freshly dug. Hoping to uncover a gopher or a rat, the boys brushed away some of the dirt and found, instead, the blonde hair of a little girl. Frightened by their discovery, they ran to a farmhouse and called the police.

Once again the area was searched as part of the investigative routine and, even though no evidence of new tampering with the cinder-block building could be found, Chief Wade and Lieutenant Hagner were able to follow relatively fresh tire marks in the soft earth to a broken-down shack. It was about a-quarter-of-a mile from the cinder-block structure, but no more than 200 yards from the grave. Together, the officers forced the door and looked inside the shack. It was obviously empty. Satisfied, the men were about to leave when Lieutenant Hagner spotted a red button on the floor.

The officials had already accepted the fact that the bodies found by the boys were those of Mildred Jackson and her daughter Susan, even though positive identification had not yet been made. When Chief Wade matched the button from the shack to those on the woman's dress, he not only found that they were the same, but he also found that one button was missing from the dress. There was little doubt that the woman had been in the shack either before or after she had been killed. Mildred Jackson's body had been found with a nylon stocking knotted loosely around her neck, but none of the police present made any guesses as to how she and her daughter had been killed.

After positive identification had been made, the coroner's report told investigators that Susan Jackson had died of a fractured skull and that Mildred Jackson had either been beaten to death or strangled. The autopsy also revealed that Mildred Jackson had been assaulted sexually shortly before she was murdered.

In a newspaper account, Lieutenant Hagner was quoted as saying, "That stocking around Mrs. Jackson's neck, loose as it was, indicates to me that the murderer used it to force her to do something she didn't want to, rather than as a means of slaying her."

The hunt for the sexually depraved killer was intensified to its highest pitch. The theory that Margaret Harold and the Jackson family had been killed by the same man seemed to fit with other evidence that the police had gathered. Not only were the crimes committed in close geographical proximity, but the driver who had been terrorizing motorists in a "blue or green Ford" on the night that the Jacksons had disappeared matched the description of the man the sergeant had seen kill Margaret Harold.

The police could form a sketchy picture of what had

happened to the Jacksons on that terror-filled night of January 11.

The murderer, a dark, thin-faced, long-haired man, had forced the Jacksons to pull off the road, then herded them out of their car and into the trunk of his own. He had driven to the spot near Fredericksburg, shot Carroll Jackson from close range, then thrown the man and the baby out of the car, pinning the little girl under the big man without bothering to waste a bullet on her. He obviously had not been interested in either of them, but unquestionably had plans for Mrs. Jackson and four-year-old Susan.

The killer had then driven his car to the dilapidated shack near the spot where Margaret Harold had been killed. He had taken the woman and the little girl inside the shack and there had sexually assaulted Mrs. Jackson before strangling or beating her to death. It is possible that Susan had either tried to interfere or had otherwise annoyed the deranged man so that he got her out of the way with a blow on the side of the head which had caused her death. After he had tired of his sadistic pleasures, the killer had dragged the bodies to the spot away from the shack where he had dug a shallow grave. The daughter's body was found lying face down across her mother's chest.

Although it would seem unlikely that such a maniac could long remain at large, the trail of the killer was again as cold as it had ever been. It is much easier to use deductive methods to locate men who are sane or those who commit murder in what might be called "an ordinary manner." An "ordinary" murderer has a reason to kill, a motive the police might trace and check. But a sexual psychopath would have no motive but his own perverse whims, locked and forever secret, within his deranged mind.

The search for this deranged killer was enlarged. A sketch of the man was made from the witnesses' descriptions, and was circulated all over the country in the hope of somewhere developing a lead. A direct result of this circular was the FBI's collection of over 2,000 tips and leads from across the nation. These were all very methodically run down and labeled false until three offices received copies of the same letter from a man in Norfolk, Virginia.

The letter accused a man named Melvin Davis Rees of being the slayer of Margaret Harold and the Jackson family. The sender stated that he had been a friend of Rees' and that they had been together in a Maryland town near Gambrills the day before Margaret Harold was killed. At the time, Rees had been hopped up on Benzedrine and, the writer, who described himself as a salesman, said that Rees had looked wild.

The salesman wrote that on another occasion he had actually asked Rees directly if he had killed the Jackson family. Although the man did not admit it, he had evaded the question. Furthermore, Rees was described by his friend as being tall and thin-faced, with long, dark hair and very prominent eyebrows.

Although the FBI would not have neglected any lead, this particular letter, which was not only sent to the regional office of the FBI in Baltimore, but was also sent to Police Chief Wade in Annapolis and Captain W. W. Blythe of the Virginia State Police, was one of the most promising communications that they had yet received. A rapid investigation demonstrated that, at every possible turn, the figure of Melvin Davis Rees fit in nicely.

His work as a musician kept him traveling a lot. Beginning in 1953, he had attended classes at the University of Maryland for four straight summers. This would have given him access to the college yearbooks and to the photo of the coed that had been found in the otherwise pornographic collection of pictures on the basement wall. The car the suspect drove was a blue Ford, but Rees also had access to a green Chrysler, belonging to relatives in Hyattsville, Virginia. Although none of Rees' acquaintances could say exactly where he was at that time, he was rumored to be living in West Memphis, Arkansas.

But it was not until Rees' salesman friend had received a letter from the city of West Memphis that the suspect's capture could be made. The *coup* was handled by FBI special agents, who walked into the music store where Rees was employed as a piano salesman.

"Mr. Rees?" they asked quietly of the man who approached them.

He nodded pleasantly, as a salesman ought.

"You are under arrest for flight to avoid prosecution for the murder of Margaret Harold."

The thirty-one-year-old Rees claimed that he was innocent. But, later the same day, the sergeant who had witnessed the murder of Margaret Harold, picked Rees out of a lineup and positively identified him as the man who had entered his car and shot the woman.

This was enough information for the FBI special agents, who hurried from Washington to the home of Rees' parents, search warrant in hand. Although the agents found nothing on the first and second floors of the Rees home, a search of the attic not only yielded a nickel-plated .38 caliber pistol, hidden in a saxophone case, but also a number of handwritten notes filled with descriptions of brutal sadism.

One, in particular, caught the investigators' attention. It had been clipped to a newspaper picture of Mildred Jackson and her daughter Susan. "Caught on a lonely road—" the letter began, "after pulling them over, leveled pistol and ordered them out and into car trunk which was opened by husband and both bound.

"Drove to select area and killed husband and baby. Now the mother and daughter were all mine . . ." The letter went on to describe an abnormal sex act, which had been committed with obvious relish and brutality. At one point in the letter the writer stated, "I was her master." Then it went on to describe the slow, nightmarish death of the woman as if it were part of a perverted religious ritual.

The evidence was overwhelming and soon Maryland

and Virginia police were able to link Rees to other slayings that had strong sexual overtones. In College Park, near the University of Maryland, the bodies of Marie Shomette, sixteen, and Ann Ryan, fourteen, were found along a path the girls had used as a short-cut to school. Both girls had been shot to death. In two other cases, the naked bodies of Mary Elizabeth Fellers, eighteen, and Shelby Jean Venable, sixteen, were found floating in Maryland rivers.

Yet the people who had lived and worked around Rees described him as mild mannered and quiet. Almost without exception, each of his friends and co-workers maintained that they had been shocked to hear that Rees had been charged with committing such crimes.

The opinions of Melvin Davis Rees' friends did not matter much to the juries the accused man faced, however. Rees was brought to trial in Baltimore in 1961 and was given two sentences of life imprisonment after being pronounced guilty by an all male jury.

He was later brought to trial in Spotsylvania, Virginia, for the murder of Carroll Jackson and his daughter Janet. There, too, Melvin Davis Rees was found guilty and was sentenced to die.

8.

ERNIE INGENITO: HIS IN-LAWS WERE HIS ENEMIES

Ernie Ingenito, a good-looking, dark-haired young man, walked into a diner at Vineland, New Jersey, one morning in the summer of 1950. He wore a haggard look of angry frustration because, for many months, he had been constantly beset with needles of irritation by the people with whom he had lived for more than two years.

"Toast and eggs," Ingenito said in a low voice. The counterman could hear the edge in his voice.

When his order came, Ingenito favored the food with only a brief glance before his expressive face curled up in rage. He began berating the man behind the counter. The toast was burnt, Ingenito yelled through the practically empty diner.

The cook pushed his way down the counter, examined the toast that Ingenito had rejected in disgust. It was a little dark, he thought, but far from inedible. Ernie Ingenito continued to complain about the "lousy toast" and about the "lousy diner."

Although the cook was used to dealing with all sorts of people in his establishment, there was a limit to what he could endure. Once Ernie Ingenito got started on him. he would not get off, and finally the cook was forced to walk out from behind the counter and tell the customer that he could leave the diner if he did not like the food.

Ernie Ingenito had been looking for trouble, if only to vent the ever-present frustration that generated an unbearable pressure within him. He was not about to drop the argument. Nobody was going to push him around.

The two men grappled with each other. Napkin holders and ash trays slid off the counter as the cook and the dissatisfied customer fought. It was the release that Ingenito had been looking for—it was the only one that he had ever known. The tension he harbored had to find an outlet, and the cook just happened to be a convenient person with whom to fight.

Although no serious damage was done as a result of the scuffle, Ingenito was arrested and charged with assault. After he had cooled off, the volatile Ingenito apologized to the cook. Wanting most of all to run his diner in a peaceful, business-like manner, the cook dropped the charges.

But no matter what temporary physical outlet Ingenito found, it was never sufficient to halt the perpetually gnawing frustration completely. Then, one night in November, 1950, the New Jersey countryside rang with shots as Ernie Ingenito purged the hatred within him with the fire from a 9mm Luger.

The final eruption of violence in Ernie Ingenito's career climaxed a lifetime of preparation. His father and mother had provided anything but the ideal home life for young Ingenito, and they were separated when the boy was thirteen. When he was fifteen, Ernie did his first term of confinement in the Pennsylvania State Reformatory on a charge of burglary.

When Ingenito was released from the reformatory, he went to live with his mother and his life grew somewhat more stable until the mother died in 1941.

Then Ingenito considered himself alone in the world. He refused to live with his father, who had remarried, because he did not like the woman who would have been his stepmother. This was probably the basic reason why he

eloped at seventeen, and cut short his adolescence by becoming a married man while his peers were for the most part still in high school.

Ernie Ingenito seemed to have adopted his attitude toward married life from his parents. The young couple lived together for only twelve months before the girl packed up and left Ingenito, even though she was pregnant. They had barely had any peace since the marriage began, and the young wife complained of being the victim of abusive treatment from her husband. She was later to learn how fortunate she was to get out of Ingenito's life when she did.

Shortly after his wife had left him, Ingenito was snapped up by the Army, but even the rigorous military discipline could not keep the trouble-bound youth out of jail. Not used to being ordered to do anything, Ingenito rebelled with a flurry of punches directed at two officers and a sergeant. The reward for his rebellious efforts was two years in a federal penitentiary and, in 1946, a dishonorable discharge from the Army.

A year after his military discharge, Ingenito was convinced that he should marry again. This time he chose an alluring, dark-eyed girl named Theresa Mazzoli. Theresa had fine, hard-working parents, who operated a prosperous truck farm in Gloucester County. Ingenito got a job and seemed to be striving to settle down and eliminate some of the chaos from his life. Marriage to Theresa Mazzoli seemed to be just the ticket.

After the formal church wedding which was well-attended by members of both families, it looked as if the young couple were off to a good start. But Ernie Ingenito had no idea that his attractive wife was also possessed of a strong will. The happiness of the wedding did not carry very far into married life, and Ingenito and his bride seemed to be continually at each other's throats. Theresa wanted to live with her parents, while Ingenito wanted to take his bride away some place where they could start out on their own. Theresa had her way.

Almost any marriage counselor will confirm that to begin a marriage by living in the home of either spouse's parents is not the healthiest emotional situation. Ernie Ingenito found it unbearable. Although he got along well with Mike Mazzoli, his father-in-law, his mother-in-law got on his nerves. It seemed that no matter what Ernie Ingenito did, it was simply not good enough for the daughter of Pearl Mazzoli. At least, not in Mrs. Mazzoli's eyes.

Two years passed, and two sons were born to the Ingenitos. With the added responsibility of supporting his sons, Ingenito faced increased nagging from his mother-in-law and even greater pressure from his wife. By the beginning of 1950, Ernie Ingenito was a frustrated and angry man, his emotions constantly at a fever pitch, his temper ready to boil over at the slightest irritation. Feeling himself trapped, Ingenito could find no release from his tensions, except through an occasional fight in a bar or a diner.

It seemed that nothing could save him. At odds with his wife, Ingenito turned to other women for sexual satisfaction. To Ingenito, his wife and his mother-in-law seemed to be fighting him with weapons he did not know how to combat. The emotional hooks that came with marriage and children were buried deep, and they seemed to be holding Ingenito back from everything he wanted.

Early in the fall of 1950, Michael Mazzoli learned that his son-in-law had been unfaithful to Theresa. It was the end of the patient man's rope. Mazzoli could put up with a son-in-law who argued with his mother-in-law, and even with his wife, but a man who would make light of his marriage vows would not be tolerated in Mike Mazzoli's house. The strong principled Mazzoli threw Ingenito out of the house.

Ingenito was confused. He had a steady job, and he was apparently free of both his mother-in-law and his wife, yet he was unhappy. He took a room in a house near the Mazzoli home so he could see his two sons, but

even that was not enough, because he found he could not see them whenever he wanted to. Not understanding exactly why he was doing it, Ingenito tried to visit Theresa. He was refused admittance at the door. Theresa no longer wanted anything to do with him, and she made that fact plain before Ingenito was out of earshot.

Dejected, Ingenito sought legal counsel, for advice in determining what he should do. Lawyer Fred Gravino of Woodbury, New Jersey, told Ingenito that no one could legally keep him away from his children. He had a right to see them.

"What can I do?" he asked the man.

Gravino's suggestion was the most obvious one. Ernie Ingenito needed a court order that would force his wife to allow him to see the children. It seemed like a lot of trouble to Ingenito, though. He lived only a few doors away, and if Theresa would co-operate, there would be no trouble at all. Furthermore, the slow-moving legal processes would take time that Ingenito did not want to give up.

Theresa Ingenito was not in the mood to be co-operative with her husband, however. She had sought legal advice of her own. She did not want alimony or even child support. All she asked was that she be allowed to forget that she had ever known Ernie Ingenito.

Faced with this bitterness, Ingenito still could not see his children. Out of desperation, he visited his first wife and eldest child, a daughter, by this time seven years old. Although Ingenito had known that his former wife was going to remarry, he was not ready for the news that she gave him that night. The woman told Ingenito of her plan to have their daughter's name legally changed to that of her new husband. Ingenito flew into a rage and told the woman that he would never give his consent to such an action. He reminded her that the girl was his daughter, too.

During the week of November 13, Ernie Ingenito went through his normal routine. He was in good standing at the electrical appliance store where he worked, and the only indication his boss had that Ingenito felt different from any other week was when Ingenito said once that he thought of quitting.

On Tuesday, Ingenito called his lawyer, Gravino, and asked once again about his right to see his sons. Once again Gravino suggested that Ernie get a court order that would grant him the right to visit his children.

Apparently unsatisfied after he had brooded over what Gravino had told him, Ingenito called another lawyer, William Gallner, at 6:00 P.M. on November 17. Gallner assured Ingenito that the matter could be straightened out at his office on the following day. It turned out to be an appointment Ernie Ingenito never kept.

Exactly what went through Ernie Ingenito's mind, between 6:00 P.M. when he spoke to Gallner, and 9:00 P.M., when he walked across the Mazzolis' porch and knocked on the door, is a matter of important speculation to those who study the personality that explodes suddenly into violence. The weight of Ernie Ingenito's entire life seemed to be focused on that one night and on that one particular time, but who can say exactly what it was that prompted him to take out his fine collection of guns and launch upon a methodical loading procedure.

Ernie Ingenito's arsenal was as formidable as an individual could wield—three pistols and an Army carbine, with ample ammunition for each of them. Two of the pistols were .45 caliber revolvers, and one was a German Luger. With desperate determination written on his face, Ingenito had carried the firearms from his rented room into his car. It was the first step in a plan to bring a night of terror to the Mazzoli family, who were even then relaxing after the evening meal, unable to imagine that death was riding toward them in Ernie Ingenito's car.

Ernie had convinced himself that he would no longer be pushed around. He had a right to see the kids and, on November 17, he had the guns to make sure that he would be allowed to see them. Determined that nothing

would stop him, Ingenito stopped the car outside of the Mazzoli residence shortly before 9:00 P.M. and waited only a few minutes before climbing out and approaching the house.

When Theresa opened the door and saw her husband's face, her features broke into a scowl. Even with the porch light on, she could not see clearly what the young man carried in his hands.

"I want to see the kids."

Theresa told Ingenito to go away, that he was not welcome in the Mazzoli house. She was about to add more when Ingenito took a step inside the door, and the frightened woman saw that he carried a pistol in each hand. Fear clutched at Theresa's throat as she backed away from her husband; her tongue constricted with terror and she found no voice with which to answer the frantic questions her husband threw at her. She continued to move backwards.

Michael Mazzoli, who had been sitting in the living room, came running when he heard his son-in-law shouting on the porch. The timing was exactly wrong for Mazzoli. He walked unknowingly between Ingenito's guns and the distraught Theresa.

Before he could utter even a sound of protest, Mazzoli crumpled, dying. Ingenito gave the man a single glance before he returned his attention to Theresa. There was no longer time for words. Ingenito's eyes went cold with hate and his lips curled, as two more shots rang out inside the Mazzoli house. Both found their way into the body of Theresa Ingenito. She fell to the floor immediately, and Ingenito moved on through the house, searching for his mother-in-law—his frustrations finally translated into action as his guns sought the figure that he hated the most. But the woman was not to be found. Realizing that Ingenito would be after her when the shooting had first begun, Mrs. Mazzoli had left the house by a side door and had run through the night to the home of her parents, who lived only a short distance down and across the street.

Mrs. Mazzoli was screaming incoherently as she burst in on her parents, but the old couple did manage to hear her say, "It's Ernie! He's shooting everybody," before Pearl Mazzoli disappeared upstairs.

After living with his mother-in-law for almost two years, Ernie Ingenito knew the way she thought, and, without hesitation, he was out of the Mazzoli house and on his way down the street toward the house of Armando and Theresa Pioppi, Pearl Mazzoli's parents. Ingenito did not know that his wife was still alive and was even then pulling her wounded body across the floor toward the telephone.

At the Pioppi home, Pearl Mazzoli's brother, Gino Pioppi, was on the phone notifying the state police of the shooting while his mother, Theresa Pioppi, walked to the porch door. Ingenito's guns blazed as he ran onto the porch. He stepped over his victim to enter the house.

The phone dropped out of Gino Pioppi's hands at the sound of the shots, and he stood up in time to see Ingenito run into the house. Understandably, his first instinct was to flee. Fists against pistols are bad odds by any man's reckoning. Pioppi moved quickly out of the house, forgetting momentarily that his wife Marion was still inside. Marion Pioppi walked into the living room, and Ingenito blasted at her until she fell.

Ingenito turned from the spot almost before Marion Pioppi's body had touched the floor and bounded up the stairs in search of Pearl Mazzoli. Ingenito found the spot where his mother-in-law was hiding, inside a closet. He jerked the door open before burning the woman to the floor with simultaneous blasts from his pistols. It was the culmination of Ernie Ingenito's revenge, but once embarked on his killing binge, he could not get off it. Perhaps Ernie Ingenito realized that he would serve just as many lifetimes in prison however many people he killed, or perhaps he had passed beyond any kind of thinking.

Ingenito left the upstairs room and moved down the stairs, his guns firing at random, picking out any movement he saw and blasting at it. Gino Pioppi had conquered his momentary impulse to flee. He had left the car he was about to start and had begun a cautious trip back to the house, unaware of the grisly scene awaiting him. Pioppi had barely begun when he heard the two shots that buried slugs in his nine-year-old daughter.

Two people had remained in the kitchen during the entire time that Ingenito was in the house—Gino Pioppi's six-year-old son and his forty-six-year-old brother, John. John Pioppi had been stunned by what had been happening around him, but as Ingenito descended the stairs, a sense of outrage spurred him to snatch up a knife as the killer went out the door.

Ingenito was thinking of escape. His car waited down the street and Ingenito was hurrying toward it when John Pioppi jumped across the dead body of his mother and followed the killer off the porch. Once again Ingenito shot with ruthless accuracy. John Pioppi, the only one who had attempted to stop Ingenito, fell. Without a second look, Ingenito ran to his car and drove off on his way to deliver more destruction.

It was but a half-an-hour after Ernie Ingenito had fired the first shots that had killed his father-in-law that he pulled into the village of Minotola, New Jersey. His target in this town was the Frank Mazzoli family, who had, unfortunately for them, just returned from a shopping trip. Ten-year-old Barbara Mazzoli answered the door and pulled back in horror as she confronted the crazed face of Ernie Ingenito as he shouted words of revenge. Miraculously, he did not shoot at young Barbara but turned his attention to Hilda Mazzoli, whom he could see in the kitchen. Ingenito's pistols roared almost simultaneously, and the woman sank to the floor where she began trying to crawl away. Frank Mazzoli was in the living room. Two steps brought him into Ingenito's view. Mazzoli folded after the sound of a single blast. Then Ingenito was outside again, running through the night to his sedan, realizing that every law-enforcement officer in southern New Jersey would be looking for him.

Road blocks were quickly established around the area of the shootings, and hundreds of police officers participated in a search for the berserk killer. Yet, it was not until after midnight, that a patrol car spotted Ingenito's Ford only a few miles from the Michael Mazzoli house, where the shooting had begun.

To the surprise of State Trooper Leonard Cunningham and his partner, who had stopped the car, Ernie Ingenito did not begin shooting. Instead, he pulled out a razor and began to saw at his own wrists in a futile attempt at suicide. The troopers were able to stop him and, from that time on, Ingenito became a very docile young man.

After a night's sleep, Ernie Ingenito gave a full confession to investigating psychiatrists, and on January 19, 1951, he was given a life sentence for the murder of his mother-in-law, Pearl Mazzoli, although the jury had recommended mercy.

The four people Ingenito had wounded were all to recover from the shooting spree, but they would bear the scars for the rest of their lives. Few of them had kind words for Ingenito, least of all his wife, Theresa. As the doctors worked frantically to remove her from danger, she only had one hope for her husband: "I wish they would hang Ernie."

Ernie Ingenito wound up serving his life sentence in the New Jersey State Hospital For The Insane at Trenton. Whether the wild night of shooting freed him from frustration is not known, but the state of New Jersey is convinced that it does not want Ernie Ingenito on the loose. On January 9, 1956, he was brought to trial again, this time on charges of murdering the four others who had died in the night of terror. Ingenito was tried and found guilty on four more counts of murder, and Judge John B. Wick gave him a life sentence for each count.

9.

CHARLES WHITMAN: THE MARKSMAN IN THE TOWER

On August 1, 1966, University of Texas student Don Walden, twenty-two, was showing off the campus to eighteen-year-old Cheryl Botts of Rockdale, Texas. The observation deck of the college's thirty-story bell tower is admirably suited to just such purpose, and the young couple had spent over a half-an-hour studying the campus buildings and the city of Austin from the ideal vantage point. It was about 11:40 A.M. when they stepped off the observation deck into a room where a receptionist had her desk.

Instead of the smiling receptionist, who had greeted them when they arrived on the floor, they found a husky, blond man bending over a couch near a wall.

"Yechh," Miss Botts said, spotting a dark stain on the floor near the desk, "don't step in that mess, Don."

The blond man turned away from the couch. He held a rifle in each hand.

"Hello," the young couple smiled as they headed for the stairs.

"Hi," the man said, matching their smiles. "How are you?"

"Why do you suppose he had those rifles with him?"

Miss Botts asked her escort as they descended the stairs to the elevator on the twenty-seventh floor.

"I don't know," Walden shrugged. "I was about to ask him the same thing. He's probably a maintenance man who's supposed to shoot pigeons."

Walden and Miss Botts thought no more about the man until they walked out of the tower on the ground floor and saw a student lying on the grass near the flagpole. There were people crouching under a tree, others sprawling, wounded and dying, on the campus mall.

"A guy's shooting from the tower," someone shouted, and for the next ninety-six minutes, the University of Texas campus was a place under siege. Charles Whitman had chosen that particular day to give brutal expression to the strange hatreds and violent tensions that had been festering within his tormented skull for several months. Until a volley of bullets snuffed out his own life, Charles Whitman's near-unfailing accuracy, and his burning, tearing slugs, were responsible for killing sixteen people and wounding thirty others.

It now seems almost certain that twenty-five-year-old Whitman must have begun on the maddening course that would climax in the worst mass murder in United States history on the day he stood weeping outside his parents' home, in the seaside town of Lake Worth, Florida. It was March 2, 1966.

Inside, his mother was packing as she prepared to leave his father. She had called her son Charles away from the University of Texas to come and help her make the break. Mrs. Whitman had already decided that she would move to Austin, Texas, so that she could be near Charles and his wife, Kathleen.

Charles Whitman looked around him. Lake Worth was the town in which he had grown up. He must have smiled when he remembered how neighborhood mothers had held him up to their stubborn sons as a shining example of the ideal all-American boy. A Roman Catholic, Charles had served as an altar boy. He had become one of the youngest Eagle Scouts on record—shortly after he had celebrated his twelfth birthday.

He wondered how his father was going to take the idea of a separation. To Charles' way of thinking, his mother was completely justified in leaving his father. The senior Whitman was a hard, authoritarian man who had been a stern disciplinarian to his three sons and who had not hesitated to beat his wife when he felt the necessity for it.

It suddenly occurred to Charles that his father might resort to violence. He found a telephone booth and called the police. In a soft voice, Charles requested that the police protect his mother while she packed and made ready to leave her husband. The police came as they were requested, but they found no reason to stay. It seemed as though the parents' separation was troubling Charles more than it was either of his parents.

Even after Charles Whitman had returned to Austin with his mother and found an apartment for her just two miles from his own, he continued to brood about his parents' marital discord. Whitman's wife, Kathleen, tried to cheer him up. After all, she pointed out, it should be a good year for them. They had managed to obtain a comfortable apartment, and they had both acquired good summer jobs—Kathleen at the telephone company, Charles as an assistant at the engineering research lab. Surely, Kathleen teased Charles, they would be able to afford that shiny new Chevrolet with the bucket seats Charles had coveted for so long.

Whitman managed a show of outward complacency for Kathleen and for their close friends, Lawrence and Elaine Fuess, but he continued to joust inwardly with his own mental dragons.

Elaine Fuess remembered that Whitman had begun to appear tense. "Even when he looked perfectly normal, he gave you this feeling of trying to control himself."

Other friends had noticed an interior tension, a temper that had begun to flare needlessly and had to be kept under constant control. "He was nervous quite a bit," a former college roommate, Don Thornbury, said later. "Charley pushed himself so much to do well in school."

Charles Whitman had ranked seventh in his high school class, but when his classmates had left for college the following fall, Whitman had joined the Marines. Now, a wobbly late-comer to campus life, Charley had managed to do well enough in his architectural engineering courses to rank as a B student.

But, still, Whitman seethed and fumed with feelings of hostility and terrible anxiety.

On March 29, he sought the help of Dr. Maurice Heatly, the university's staff psychiatrist.

While he waited to see the doctor, a secretary handed him a personal data form. "What is your chief problem?" the form read, getting right to the point.

Charles Whitman sat puzzling over the form for a moment, then wrote: "That's why I'm here. I don't know."

When the psychiatrist interviewed Whitman, the young man told him of the "intense efforts" that he had been making to control his temper. He admitted that—like his father—he had beaten his wife a few times. He told the doctor that he feared that the wrath within him might simply explode someday.

After Whitman had left, Dr. Heatly dictated his notes:

"This massive, muscular youth seemed to be oozing with hostility. He said something was happening to him and that he didn't seem to be himself.

"Past history . . . grew up in Florida where his father was a successful plumbing contractor, though without an education. He identified his father as brutal, domineering and extremely demanding.

"He said that he was very fond of his wife, but he admitted that he had on two occasions assaulted her physically.

"The precipitating factor for this visit seemed to be the separation of his parents thirty days ago . . . He says his father has called every forty-eight hours for several

weeks petitioning him to persuade his mother to return . . . He says he has no intention of trying to do that . . .

"His real concern is for himself. He admits having overwhelming periods of hostility with a minimum of provocation . . .

"At one point he said that he was thinking about going up on the tower with a deer rifle and start shooting people . . .

"Observations: He has lived for the day when he could excel his father."

Dr. Heatly asked Charles to make an appointment for the following week, but Whitman never returned to the psychiatrist's office. He had decided, he told the doctor, "to fight it out alone."

The psychiatrist did not notice any particular sign of psychosis at the time, nor did he note any indication that Whitman might be a danger to himself or to the community at large. He regarded the young man's references to violence as transient. He had listened to any number of patients express their desire to shoot someone, and many a troubled and frustrated student had named the bell tower as a possible site of some desperate and dramatic action. It was common knowledge that since 1937, three people had committed suicide by jumping from the tower and two others had accidentally fallen from the observation deck.

For the next four months, it appeared as though the interview might have provided some relief for Charles Whitman's troubled psyche. The husky youth seemed to be in good spirits and, for a time, his friends forgot about the "inner struggle" that they had observed to be tormenting him.

On July 22, Charles Whitman made one of his frequent visits to the observation deck of the bell tower. Accompanying him were his brother, John, and a friend. Charles seemed to be content to essay the role of guide, and his actions were not considered at all unusual.

On July 28, Charles returned home from classes and suggested that the Whitmans invite Lawrence and Elaine Fuess to join them in a picnic at Lake Austin. Charles was cheerful and seemed completely relaxed.

It was on Sunday evening, July 31, at 6:45 P.M. that Charles Whitman sat down at his battered portable typewriter and began to compose a most bizarre note. Kathleen was at work, so Whitman knew that he would not be disturbed as he carefully composed the manuscript. He dated it. He marked the time. But he addressed the testament to no one.

"I don't quite understand what is compelling me to type this note," he wrote. "I have been to a psychiatrist. I've been having fears and violent impulses. I've had some tremendous headaches in the past.

"I am prepared to die. After my death, I wish an autopsy on me to be performed to see if there's any mental disorder."

At this point Whitman digressed to write in a bitter invective of his father. Then:

"I've decided to kill Kathy tonight. I love her very much."

Again, the manuscript departed from a description of his love for his wife to deal harshly with his father. After accomplishing a sort of mental release, the manuscript continued:

"I intend to kill my wife after I pick her up from work. I don't want her to have to face the embarrassment my action will surely cause her."

As Whitman paused over the keys of his portable typewriter, the doorbell sounded and Whitman rose to admit Lawrence and Elaine Fuess.

The couple apologized for having disturbed Charles when they saw that he had been at the typewriter, but Whitman displayed no irritation at the interruption.

"I was just writing a letter to a friend," Whitman smiled. "It can wait until later."

Then, covering the machine and the manuscript, Whitman joined his guests in a lighthearted and rambling conversation.

Elaine Fuess later remembered that Charles had spoken of Kathleen with unusual tenderness. "It's a shame that Kathy has to work all day and come home to housework," Whitman had remarked.

While Mr. and Mrs. Fuess were at the Whitman apartment, the telephone rang. A fellow student, Don McCrary, was calling to ask if Whitman wanted to get together to study for the next day's quiz.

"I'm not going to bother to study for it," Whitman told McCrary, "and I'm not going to worry about it."

Lawrence and Elaine Feuss left the Whitman apartment at about 9:30, and Charles left shortly after to pick up Kathleen at the telephone company. For some reason, Whitman altered his plan and did not kill his wife immediately. Instead, he dropped Kathleen off at their apartment and drove across the Colorado River to the Penthouse Apartments where his mother lived. There, at about midnight, Charles Whitman stabbed his mother in the chest and shot her in the back of the head.

Before he left his mother's apartment, Whitman took the time to scrawl a hand-printed note addressed "To whom it may concern."

"I have just killed my mother," Whitman confessed. "If there's a heaven, she's going there. If there's not a heaven, she is out of her pain and misery.

"I love my mother with all my heart."

Whitman was back home at 1:00 A.M., in time to answer the ringing telephone before it could awaken Kathleen. It was another classmate wanting to know if Charles wanted to get together to do some late cramming for the test.

"I can't work the problems and I won't take the test," Whitman told the student before he hung up.

Some time after he replaced the receiver in its cradle, Charles Whitman walked into the bedroom, stabbed his wife three times in the chest and then wrapped her nude body in a bed sheet.

It was 3:00 A.M. before Whitman was able to return to his note. "12:00 A.M.—Mother already dead. 3 o'clock —both dead."

Then, in no uncertain terms, Whitman declared that he hated his father "with a mortal passion." He regretted that his mother had given "the best twenty-five years of her life to that man."

Whitman concluded his epistle to his unknown audience by writing: "Life is not worth living."

During the next four hours, Whitman set about to make ready for his last stand atop the tower. With the frightening logic known to the mad, Charles Whitman had arrived at the only conclusion that seemed lucid to him—since life was not worth living for Charles Whitman, it, therefore, was not worthwhile for anyone. As a kind of charitable act, Whitman decided to take as many unfortunates with him into the grave as his near-unerring marksmanship would allow.

Whitman dug out his old green duffel bag and a green foot locker that had been stenciled with the words, "Lance Cpl. C. J. Whitman." Apparently Whitman underestimated the ability of the police to blast him out of the tower, because the ex-Marine stowed away enough provisions to keep himself comfortably entrenched for a siege of long duration. There was canned meat, peanuts, fruit cocktail, sandwiches, and boxes of raisins, as well as cans containing water and gasoline, a transistor radio, toilet paper, and—strangely—a bottle of spray deodorant.

The weapons Charles Whitman packed into the foot locker would have been the envy of any guerrilla unit: a 6mm Remington bolt-action rifle with a 4-power Leupold telescopic sight, a 35mm Remington rifle, a 9mm Luger pistol, a Galesi-Brescia pistol, a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum revolver, a machete, a Bowie knife, and a hatchet. In his apartment, Whitman left three other rifles and two derringers.

At 7:15 A.M., Whitman left home and went to the Austin Rental Equipment service where he rented a dolly.

At 9:50 A.M., Whitman took inventory of his armory and decided that he needed some additional firepower. He went to Sears, Roebuck and, on the strength of his credit card, bought a 12-gauge shotgun. He drove back to the apartment and sawed off the stock and the barrel of the gun.

Whitman still was not satisfied with the firepower of the weapons accumulated in his foot locker. He left the apartment again to stop at Davis Hardware to purchase a .30 caliber carbine. At Chuck's Gun Shop, he picked up some 30-shot magazines for the new carbine.

"What are you going to do with all that ammunition?" the clerk wondered with good-natured curiosity as he tabulated the bill.

"I'm going to shoot some pigs," Whitman answered.

Then it was time to invade the tower. Whitman loaded his foot locker and his arsenal into his car and drove to the university. He pulled into a parking area reserved for university officials and cut the engine. He was dressed casually in tennis sneakers, blue jeans, and a polo shirt and, as he wheeled the loaded dolly toward the elevator, the few people who happened to notice him assumed that he was a maintenance man.

As Whitman backed into the elevator with his dolly, Mrs. Vera M. Palmer got up from her desk in the foyer to hold open the door.

"Thank you, ma'am," the husky blond grinned as he pushed button twenty-seven.

When the elevator doors opened, Whitman pushed his cargo to a staircase, then backed up eleven steps. At the summit, he wheeled the dolly down a corridor to another staircase. He backed up another twenty-two steps. "Welcome to the observation deck," a sign greeted him at the top. "You are 231 feet from the ground."

Mrs. Edna Townsley, the receptionist, presented Whitman with only a momentary encumbrance. With a vicious blow of his rifle butt, he struck the woman with such force that part of her skull was torn away.

Whitman had just dragged Mrs. Townsley's body behind a sofa when Don Walden and Cheryl Botts came through the door from the observation deck. For some reason he spared the young couple, even when Miss Botts made a fuss about the dark stain beside the receptionist's desk.

Then Whitman was alone, and he hurriedly began to set up his arsenal on the observation deck.

He was not left undisturbed for long. At the sound of approaching footsteps and voices, he shoved the desk in front of the staircase and reached for the sawed-off shot gun.

When a face appeared over the desk, Whitman fired. A pellet tore at the head of nineteen-year-old Mike Gabour, and the youth tumbled back down the steps. Behind him, the boy's mother, Mrs. M. J. Gabour, and his aunt, Mrs. Marguerite Lamport, screamed. There were two more blasts from the shotgun. M. J. Gabour, a service-station owner from Texarkana, Texas, turned his younger son, Mark, over and saw that he was dead. So was M. J.'s sister, Mrs. Lamport. Gabour and his brother-in-law dragged their dead and wounded down to the twenty-seventh floor.

At the elevator, Mrs. Palmer was getting off to relieve Mrs. Townsley for lunch. "Lady," Gabour said, "don't get off." Without another word, Mrs. Palmer went down immediately.

Satisfied that he would not be interrupted again from that direction, Whitman walked over to the couch and blasted a shot into the still body of Mrs. Townsley.

Whitman wheeled the dolly out to the walk that surrounded the bell tower and began to position his weapons along all four sides of the deck. Into the pocket of his jeans, he slipped a pistol. He had gone up into the bell tower prepared to die. He was also prepared to keep killing others right up to the end.

Whitman positioned himself under the "VI" of the tower clock's gold-edged south face. From his vantage point, Whitman could see the red tiled roofs shimmering in the heat of an August forenoon, the green lawns, the hedges, the fountains, the statues, the oak trees, but most of all, he could see the people below him, walking busily about or strolling leisurely between classes.

It was 11:48 A.M. If he had not been delayed by Mrs. Townsley and the two groups of sightseers, he would have been ready at 11:30, when a thousand students had been changing classes.

Whitman raised the Remington rifle with the scope, fixed the crosshairs on a target below. He may have got a bit behind schedule, but the mall below still offered him plenty of living targets.

"I thought it was all just a tasteless joke," Norma Barger said, commenting later on her reactions when she had looked out of a window on the fourth floor of the tower building. She could see six bodies sprawled on the mall and could hear the sound of the shooting. "I expected the six to get up and walk away laughing."

But then she saw the pavement running red with blood and more people being struck down. It was decidedly not a joke.

On the mall below, no one had time to debate the seriousness of the matter. Mrs. Claire Wilson, eighteen, and eight months pregnant, dropped to the mall with a slug in her abdomen. Mrs. Wilson survived, but later gave birth to a stillborn baby whose skull had been shattered by the bullet. When a classmate, Thomas Eckman, nineteen, knelt to assist Mrs. Wilson, he was killed outright. Alec Hernandez, seventeen, was delivering newspapers on campus when one of the sniper's first shots catapulted him off his bicycle.

Secretary Charlotte Darehshori huddled for safety behind the base of a flagpole. She would crouch there for an hour-and-a-half.

Patrolman Billy Speed, twenty-three, one of the first policemen to answer the campus' calls for help, was killed when he positioned himself behind a stone railing.

More than five hundred yards from the tower, electrical repairman Roy Dell Schmidt, twenty-nine, had just completed a call. As he walked back toward his truck, he was killed by a bullet in the stomach.

Thomas Ashton, twenty-two, was soon to leave for Iran as a Peace Corps trainee. He was killed as he strolled on the roof of the Computation Center.

Nancy Harvey, twenty-one, an education major from Whitman's home town of Lake Worth, Florida, had a slug burn through her leg. Fortunately, no damage was done to the unborn child which this pregnant mother carried within her.

Robert Boyer, thirty-three, was eager to join *his* pregnant wife and two children in Liverpool, England, where a teaching job awaited him. He had been crossing the mall to head for lunch when he was mortally wounded in the back.

Relying primarily on the 6mm Remington with the scope but alternating with the carbine and the .357 revolver, Charles Whitman picked off most of his victims in the first twenty minutes of his ninety-six-minute siege.

With such long-range firepower at his disposal, Whitman did not have to content himself with the mall and nearby campus buildings. Focusing his attention to the west, the sniper in the tower had the shop-lined thoroughfare, known as "The Drag," at his mercy.

Paul Sonntag, eighteen, and Claudia Rutt, eighteen, were killed as they came from receiving the polio shots required for admittance to Texas Christian University. Harry Walchuk, thirty-nine, a political scientist at Michigan's Alpena Community College and the father of six children, was killed as he stood browsing at a newsstand.

Billy Snowden, thirty-five-year-old coach at the Texas School for the Deaf, had his left hand made useless by a bullet that tore three nerves in his shoulder while he stepped into the doorway of a barber shop.

Iraqi chemistry student, Abdul Khashab, twenty-six, his fiancee Janet Paulos, twenty, and store clerk Lana Phillips, twenty-one, were wounded within seconds of each other as they stood outside a dress shop.

Homer Kelley, manager of Sheftall's Jewelers, had his leg torn open by two bullets from Whitman's rifle as he was helping to pull three fallen youths into his shop.

Associated Press reporter Robert Heard's upper left arm was shattered as he sprinted to be near two highway patrolmen who were about to open fire on Whitman. Heard, thirty-six, a Marine officer in the Korean War, gritted his teeth and acclaimed, "What a shot!"

By then, over one hundred city policemen, reinforced by thirty highway patrolmen, Texas Rangers, and U. S. Secret Service men, had surrounded the bell tower and had begun to pepper the tower deck where Whitman still crouched, pouring out his deadly fire. The bullets tore out chunks of limestone from the four-foot-high wall in front of the sniper, but none of the officers' slugs were coming close enough to cause Whitman any consternation. To play it safe, though, the marksman in the tower began using narrow drainage slits as gunports.

In desperation, the authorities chartered a light plane and sent a police sharpshooter up to take a crack at the sniper. Whitman's deadly aim drove the plane away before Lieutenant Marion Lee had a chance to return fire.

Then, at 1:24 P.M., three Austin patrolmen, Houston McCoy, Jerry Day and Ramiro Martinez, joined by a civilian, Allen Crum, managed to storm the observation deck and to kill Charles Whitman. The horror was over.

An autopsy showed that Whitman had a pecan-size tumor in the hypothalamus region of the brain but, according to pathologist Dr. C. DeChenar, "it was certainly not the cause of the headaches" and "could not have had any influence on his psychic behavior. It was a small, very slow growing, blood-vessel type tumor, not destructive."

A number of "goof balls" were found in Whitman's clothing after he was shot, and Justice of the Peace Jerry Dellana instructed the pathologists to search for Dexedrine in Whitman's blood. Although the specter of the madman in the tower might have been easier to exorcise if his actions could have been explained by the discovery that he had been hopped up on drugs, the physicians were unable to detect signs that Whitman had taken any "goof balls" before he mounted the tower steps.

A week later, Charles Whitman's father, C. A. Whitman, met with Patrolman Ramiro Martinez, one of the men who had shot his son. Whitman told Martinez, "I have respect for you for doing your job."

Later that day, Whitman issued a statement that said: "I came to Texas to express my sympathies and regrets to all concerned and to co-operate to the fullest with all law enforcement officers, and I have met personally and embraced the man that killed my son and have no animosity, in fact, have respect for him for doing his job."

On that same day during which the elder Whitman visited Austin, Karen Griffith, seventeen, succumbed to her wounds, becoming the sixteenth victim to die as a result of Charles Whitman's deadly marksmanship.

Across the United States, the public reeled under the summer of senseless savagery. July had stunned the nation with Richard Speck's brutal murder of the eight student nurses in Chicago, and the bestiality of the deed had led an official there to term the butchery "the crime of the century." "It isn't anymore," Austin's Police Chief Robert A. Miles sadly admitted after Charles Whitman had scaled to his post of violence in the bell tower.

10.

IS THERE NO END TO THE MADNESS?

On August 1, 1966, at twelve minutes past noon, the first three victims of Charles Whitman's deadly sniper attack were brought into the "Crash Room" at Brackenridge Hospital.

Later, Mrs. Nancie Roddy, the nurse in charge of the emergency room, told the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram:*

"I walked to the first stretcher and there was a man lying there. I knew he was dead by the look on his face and by his coloring . . .

"The doctor told me very quietly but very firmly that 'this is going to be bad' and we should get the D.O.A.s [Dead On Arrivals] out of the emergency room and fast . . .

"About this time other victims started to come in . . . Somebody put in an emergency call for doctors and they began arriving . . . they came from their offices and clinics.

"Some were in business suits, others in white coats . . . I recall seeing chest surgeons, general surgeons, general practitioners, internists, and even a dentist . . . The rooms are equipped to normally handle two patients. Now some of the rooms had as many as six patients in them . . .

"I knew they were coming from the university, but I could not understand what was causing it. I kept saying to myself, over and over, 'Is it a gang war? Is it a fight? Who is doing all this and why? Why? Why?'

"The sorrow, the tragedy, the full impact of this horror hit me when I rushed to the door to help one girl. She was so beautiful. Her hair was in pigtails, and braids hung down over each ear as she lay there.

"The fright, the horror that filled her eyes, startled me when I saw her. Her eyes were so big, so dark, but they were so tragic. She was so terrified. She never said a word, just lay there staring, her big eyes full of pain.

"We worked so hard, everybody was doing everything they could. I kept watching her eyes. After a while her eyes just gradually closed and she was gone.

" 'My God,' I thought, 'is there no end to this madness?' "

Each of us might well echo nurse Nancie Roddy's cry of anguish.

On August 12, 1966, in New Haven, Connecticut, police officers were forced to kill Joseph Davis, fifty-one, after he killed Mrs. Rebecca Wilson with a meat cleaver, then burst into a factory cafeteria and began firing wildly from a revolver. Three women and one man were shot down by Davis' fire before he, himself, was fatally wounded by police bullets.

Psychiatrist Frederic Wertham has said that violence is contagious. On August 26, New Haven was again unwilling host to a madman with a gun. Arthur Davis, twenty-six, the jilted suitor of Gloria Baskerville, entered the apartment of the woman's mother, Mrs. Mary McClease, and killed five persons with a carbine.

Loretta Henderson, another of Mrs. McClease's daughters, who had left the apartment just an hour before the slaying, told police that Davis had been angry because her older sister had left him. "He was very upset about it, and I think he just 'went off,' or something."

Other survivors of the jilted man's carnage said that Davis had been demanding for days to know the whereabouts of his former girlfriend, but the family had agreed to keep this information from him.

On November 12, eighteen-year-old Robert Benjamin Smith invaded a beauty college in Mesa, Arizona, forced five women and two children to lie on the floor like the spokes of a wheel, then, methodically, went around the circle and shot at each one. Five were killed by the .22 caliber pistol that the killer's parents had given him for target shooting just three months before.

Smith admitted to police officers that he had got the idea from the Speck and Whitman mass slayings. "I wanted to get known—get myself a name," the teenager said.

Carl Heath, Smith's counselor at Mesa High School, told the Associated Press that "there was never any evience of hostility on his [Smith's] part toward others.

"If Robert Smith had been a bad boy or a problem youngster, I could have told you everything about him. But he wasn't. He was a good—even excellent—student in some areas."

Is there no end to the madness?

Many European observers have long maintained that violence is intrinsic in American society. They believe that the heritage of the frontier has left a type of psychic residue in the American character. It is this vestigial violence, they theorize, that on occasion explodes into the brutal and senseless mayhem of mass murder.

European psychiatrists have declared that violence is glorified in America by its romantic portrayal in films and television, and is given its obeisance in daily life by the emphasis on success, the competitive aspects of "getting ahead," and the rapid, frenetic pace of our contemporary culture.

Both foreign observers and American social critics have pointed with dismay to the vanishing ego of the American male, as the United States becomes an increasingly matriarchal society. In America, it is—with rare exceptions

—men who commit mass murder. Numerous psychiatrists have noted how many of the mass murderers (and male murderers in general) have professed hatred of their fathers. Perhaps the truth is that, deep down, they share the father's increasing humiliation and, in reality, subconsciously hate their mothers.

It also cannot be denied that the United States has been allowed to become a gun culture where firearms are easily obtained by anyone who can meet the price tag. There are currently some 100 million handguns, rifles, and shotguns in the gunracks, closets, and nightstands of private citizens. Each year more than 1,000,000 firearms are sold by mail in the United States. There are about 10,000 criminal homicides per year in America, and fifty-seven per cent of them are committed with firearms. It would seem that we would have to agree with J. Edgar Hoover's statement that "Those who claim that the availability of firearms is not a factor in murders in this country are not facing reality."

If, then, there is some truth to the allegation that contemporary American culture breeds neurotics and psychotics, and if it is true that we must prepare ourselves for a contagion of mass murders, how can society protect itself? How can it recognize the symptoms of a potential Charles Whitman, Richard Speck, or Earle Leonard Nelson?

One-third of the 2,500,000 Americans who were treated for mental illness in hospitals and clinics in 1965 were classified as psychotic. To be psychotic is to have lost contact with reality. Many psychotics have completely withdrawn into a fantasy world all their own and are harmless to others. There is one kind of psychotic, however, who is very much like an open container of gasoline awaiting a carelessly thrown match. He may present an outward image just exactly opposite to what he really feels. He may seem to be a mild, gentle, soft-spoken "nice guy," until, one day, he interprets an accidental bump on a crowded sidewalk as an attempt to shove him into the path of rush hour traffic. The well-meaning criticism of an employer becomes an unjust accusation intended to humiliate him. The minor complaint of his wife is transformed into proof of her infidelity. When that day arrives, with its proof that the world is plotting against him, the paranoid schizophrenic may strike back at the "conspiracy" in an act of retaliation that may take the lives of several innocent victims.

California psychiatrist Dr. Ralph Greenson observes that "most men who later become mass killers are submissive, almost pathologically submissive. They are terribly quiet and obedient. They sense that they harbor within themselves the demon of destruction, a hard core of hostility which they manage to hold in check. But in some cases they lose control—we don't know yet what makes them snap—and the violence is released, the demon unleashed."

Some psychiatrists have estimated the percentage of potential mass murderers in the United States to be as high as one or two per 1,000 in the population, or, roughly, 400,000 Americans.

The great percentage of these paranoid schizophrenics will, of course, never give vent to their violent urges—but how many Ernie Ingenitos, Howard Unruhs, and Charles Starkweathers remain unknown among them?

In his study of multiple murders, Grierson Dickson, a British student of crime, noted several similarities in the backgrounds and behavior patterns of the killers he analyzed. Dickson was writing about those who killed several people over a long period of time—usually several years—as distinguished from the mass murderer, who slays a number of people within a brief period of a few minutes or, at the most, a few months. In his conclusion, Dickson observed that those who kill over a long period of time, do it for one of two primary motives: Profit or Perversion. Those who murdered for profit—such as the infamous Landru, who murdered at least ten women so that he might sell their jewelry and furniture—committed their first offense at an average age of twenty-four and continued their murderous careers until executed at an average age of forty-two. Those who murdered for perversion—such as the "Monster of Dusseldorf," Peter Kurten, who perpetrated eighty crimes colored with sexual atrocities—began at an average age of twenty-nine, but managed to spread terror until an average age of fifty-one.

Although profit is rarely a motive for the mass murderer, we have seen that his crimes are often a means of gratifying some sexual perversion. Most often, however, the mass murderer is striking out in blind and massive retaliation at anonymous or imagined enemies who, in his fantasy, seem to threaten his existence or well being.

Commenting on the outward demeanor of the multiple killer, Dickson wrote that "he is a fairly sociable type, speaking quietly and correctly . . . with an undeniable charm of manner. He is abstemious, probably a teetotaller and non-smoker, he does not swear, and the vicar of his parish probably believes him to be a good Christian."

Dickson also noted that such a man lacked a favorable childhood environment and, in his adult life, felt himself to be set apart by "a sense of shame or inferiority." The writer also noted either a stretch in the armed forces or an accessibility to firearms, which prepared this man for killing. Dickson emphasized the fact that most of the multiple murderers were undersized men and that those who were tall or large men had some peculiarity which they felt set them apart from their fellow men.

If we were to attempt a "composite mass murderer" from the individuals selected for this study, we would note that the average age would be just over twenty-four. With few exceptions, the individuals in this study were considered by their friends and acquaintances to be soft-spoken, well-mannered, decent people who would not consider such a heinous act as murder. Without exception, the individuals examined in this volume were reared in a poor home environment. Most were considered a bit queer or abnormal as children.

Parents, school counsellors, husbands, wives, the clergy—everyone—should become aware of the symptoms that may identify a psychotic killer before he erupts into violence.

Any disintegration of an established identification, any dramatic personality change should alert family and friends. If a shy and reserved family man suddenly becomes an aggressive woman chaser, for instance, that may be the time for the man's wife and friends to take him to see a doctor and obtain some professional help. Depression; a sudden desire for seclusion; extreme hypersensitivity to minor slights and insults; a sudden "mean streak" or uncontrolled outbursts of temper; a morbid interest in guns, knives, or poisons; a developing hostility toward formerly accepted social conventions, may all be psychological "red alerts."

President John F. Kennedy was convinced that the United States needed increased emphasis on mental hygiene and stoutly maintained that the rehabilitation of the mentally ill had become a major problem. To Congress, he proposed ". . . a national mental health program to assist in the inauguration of a wholly new emphasis and approach to care for the mentally ill . . . Governments at every level—federal, state, and local—private foundations and individual citizens must all face up to their responsibilities in this area."

To fail to act in the area of mental health is to invite another deadly marksman to make use of a bell tower on some other college campus, to allow another soft-spoken man with a knife to invade the quiet of a nurses' dormitory in some other city, to provide another hitchhiker with the weapon that can murder some other happily vacationing family.

To act would be to help bring about an end to the madness.

AFTERWORD

Perhaps the crimes recounted in this book have opened your eyes to a part of the world we would rather conceal. Yet, it is part of our way of life. Brad Steiger has written a thought-provoking study, a factual report, painted in stark relentless colors. The result is a dramatization of the science of criminology.

In these nine murderer types are almost all possibilities—from middle-class, U. S. haters of mothers-in-law to exotic Mexican cult murderers. The causes stem from sex, greed, pride, revenge, and, finally, destruction for the sake of destruction: active nihilism. The methods used are shooting, stabbing, stoning, strangling—most male methods. The female (feeding) form of poisoning and the professional criminal's method of feigned accident and pretended suicide is omitted.

As a psychotherapist and diagnostician of criminal psychopaths, I have heard many confessions of such crimes from the mouth of criminals, whom by law I am prohibited from betraying.

But, as a human being, sympathizing more with the victims than with the murderers, I thank this book for the deep feeling with which it depicts the suffering of the common man of good will in the clutches of crime, which

the law does not prevent and against which neither police nor society adequately protects him. There are unforgettable moments of drama here: e.g. when the heroic family man, Carl Mosser, unarmed, jumps and holds the gunman-hitchhiker William Cook, while begging the storekeeper to come to his aid. But this middle-class shopkeeper, worried only about his store, forces the father to let the criminal loose and Cook ultimately shoots father, mother and children.

Thus the man of good will, unarmed and helpless in our society, is not only betrayed by bungling laws but even by his own fellow-citizens, for both fail to realize that what happened to one victim, can soon happen to all of us.

As we read with horror the report of these violent homicides, we wonder: Is this human? How began man's inhumanity to man? Let us look toward biology and anthropology first.

If we want to describe a criminal brute we call him a "gorilla" and, yet, the worst an enraged gorilla usually does to a fellow-gorilla, who invades his territory, is to thump his chest, growl and show his teeth. Monkeys and apes hardly know killing and war, although they seem to be in constant friendly rough-play and strife. Why is it that man is more inhuman than the ape?

The answer lies in man's overcompensation for his own helplessness. When man shed his fur, climbed down from the protection of the trees and walked upright on two legs, exposing to attack his genitals and nape, he was so helpless that only through banding together with others and aggressive planning could he protect himself. He had to make up with vicious weapons of attack what he lacked in natural protection. Soon man invented the spear, the knife, the club, the arrow, the gun, and finally the atom bomb. But all these weapons and tools were originally magnified imitations of parts of man's body. The club and hammer exaggerated a clenched fist, the tongs were a hardened hand.

Strangely enough, the most dangerous weapons like guns (originally, bushman used blow-guns with poisoned arrows), were imitations of a part of the body which modern man hides but which was of utmost importance to primitive man, who had to grow and multiply—the procreative phallus. We speak of cupid as shooting arrows of love and the word "gun" becomes a slang synonym for penis.

Thus the killer who is proud of his gun is in reality often compensating for his own sense of sexual inadequacy. And those who would shoot their "arrows of love" into some greatly admired national figure are often expressing their own shame at an isophilic love. Homosexuality is humiliating, homicide is heroic in our society. Even the stabbing knife is often used as substitute for the penetrating penis. Strangling is exaggerated necking and embracing. The cave man, supposedly, clubbed his woman to subdue her, but a modern criminal is so dull and aloof (so "cool" as our teenagers tend to glorify him) that instead of passionate love, he knows only the *gesture* of penetration.

Jack the Ripper was a schizoid maniac who felt himself to be an outsider. He could not feel the warmth of the human inside, unless he carved a woman's body up and penetrated to her heart.

On the other hand, the explosive weapons like cannons, rifles and bombs, imitate the explosive release of ejaculation, and therefore seem such a thrilling and passionate triumph that mankind soon may dance itself into an orgy of total destruction. Man, more than any other animal, confuses love and death.

While in some phases of procreative union the male is sacrificed to enable the female and the brood to survive (for example, some spiders devour their husbands to receive strength for birth), man alone—with his bisexual fantasy—would perversely kill the female, the future potential mother of his children. Here biology offers no clues, and we must look to psychology for motivation.

Sex, greed, power or pride, revenge, and destruction for its own sake, are the motivations for murder. "Why did I leave the womb?" asks Jeremiah. Freud's Thanatos or deathdrive is a return to the (earth's) womb, from whose paradise we have been cast out into this cold world. This is interpreted to mean man's irreconcilable hate against mankind for pulling him into its midst.

On the other pole stands the worldly criminal who wants to buy the pleasures of this world. The old-time professional criminal (somewhat like the Mexican "goddess" Magdalena Solis) killed only for profit. But the "pro" developed a scientific system of buying his wealth with a minimum of blood. In our age of abundance, our new way of life leads to the new kind of crime—the thrill kill.

When I asked a young girl why she had stabbed a boy seven times in the back, she answered, "Because he had such a nice back to stab." "What had he done to you?" I asked. "Nothing, I had never seen him before. But here he was—looking into a shop window, exposing his nice back. So I went into a nearby hardware store and bought me a butcher knife, good and long. I came out and there he was, still standing with his nice back. So I let him have it—seven times. Just for the thrill of it. Then he, instead of screaming, quietly crumpled and folded up, fell down and lay still. The cheat! I kicked him, I was so disappointed." The girl had expected a dramatic experience, and all she got for her pains was a wretched mess. She hoped, if she tried again and again, she might have more luck next time, and that finally there would be a real "experience."

Sadistic sex thrill was the motivation of the perverse psychopaths Melvin Rees, Earle Nelson, and Richard Speck—and perhaps Magdalena Solis. Speck killed nurses, Nelson killed landladies. Both are mother types. "Nursing" originally meant "breast-feeding." A landlady owns a home like a mother. A mother may attract and arouse a boy sexually without giving him motherly tenderness and protection. Of all animals, human children stay with their parents longest, long after reaching maturity. Spiritual love is held as a pious duty, but physical love is considered a horrid crime. The mother-temptress is hated for seducing the child to the crime of incest. Incest seems so horrible to humans, that the knife as substitute for the phallus becomes almost innocent by comparison. Even Eagle-Scout Charles Whitman stabbed his mother, whom he loved "with all his heart," and her rival, his "beloved" wife, with a knife, rather than pierce piety with his phallus. But he climbs up on the erect standing tower—an obvious phallic symbol—to spread the seeds of death like arrows of love over the mother Earth.

To prevent crime, a mother must offer unselfish, protective, nourishing love. A father must present ethical principles and living ideals within his provider-protector image.

Originally, Whitman hated his father, the rival whom he wanted to "excell" triumphantly. Pride in the power over life and women thrilled Melvin Rees. In his ritual of killing he exclaims: "I was their master." Speck bragged, "This knife has killed several persons . . . It will fill a whole front page!" If pride is wounded, it thirsts for revenge. Paranoics like Howard Unruh avenge the wounded pride, whose traumas they feel like castration. Schizophrenics, deprived of their manliness, often have homosexual streaks.

Beside paranoic schizophrenia and perverse psychopathy, front-lobe brain damage and epilepsy may lead to murder. Sometimes psycho-motor epilepsy may approximate a dual personality. Earle Nelson was a devout candidate for the ministry. Nelson claimed to have been unaware of his second personality, and cried at his execution, "I stand innocent before God and man; and I forgive those who have wronged me."

Statistically about one-third (31 per cent) of all criminals are deliberate, sane, and dyssocial; another third (35 per cent) are typical sociopaths or psychopaths; and still

another third (34 per cent) are neurotics, alcoholics and psychotics (schizo-paranoid). Only rarely will an agitated melancholic become dangerous to others—if prevented from suicide perhaps. A manic optimist may kill only when thwarted in his megalomaniacal schemes.[1]

Only the normal, "sane," criminal can be deterred by threats of painful punishment. Only the neurotic can be healed by psychotherapy. The psychotic can be electro- or insulin-shocked or kept on tranquilizers (primarily in closed institutions). Brain defects (e.g. lack of frontal control centers) can never be cured. And some abnormalities are hereditary.[2]

What can society do about this situation? What can sociology tell us? In luxury plutocracies "delinquency doubles each decade." Not only crime, but also insanity and idiocy (i.e. the "ICI") increases in geometric progression.

The same decadence that stresses the individual's suicidal death drive, and the criminal's drive to destruction, leads in a luxury society to decay. Instead of natural selection —which, for example, among Eskimos kept only the healthiest and wisest to survive the hardships of the Arctic winters—and instead of eugenic survival of the fittest, a luxury society prefers anti-genic counter-selection. The world today is not overpopulated with sages and saints!

The good Samaritan of the Bible helped another man of good will who had accidentally "fallen among thieves." This was Christian charity. But men of good will and talent in our society, instead of helping each other, are supposed to destroy each other in what Edison has called the most "wasteful and ruthless" dog-kill dogmatism of "free competition." Only the ICI are exempted from this rat race. This is modern sentimentality.

Emotionally, I feel the deepest compassion for all ab-

[1] J. Coleman, *Abnormal Psychology And Modern Life*, Scott-Foresman, Chicago 1964, pp. 20 and 378.

[2] W. J. Weilgart, *Was Ist Normal?* (What Is Normal?), Gerold, Vienna, 1957.

normals. I have devoted decades of my life's work to them. But in the atomic age, can a democracy finally survive with a majority of ICI's? Would they not vote for a tyrant or demagogue, who would lead them into an atomic war of total destruction?

Who is safe from the temptation of murder and crime? Man was created in the image of his Creator as a creative being. If he is not creative or contemplative, he is destructive. Only the creative person, the personality with a commitment to life, is truly safe from the traps of destructiveness. Society should hold not the criminals, but rather the spiritual creators and contemplators, before our youth as heroes for it to imitate.

But does not the law protect our society? We have more than 12,000,000 laws. It would be a full-time job for a man to learn them all. According to these laws everybody could be jailed. Lawyers, judges and police are mostly engaged in enforcing petty regulations that prohibit petty offenses. But the law does not *prevent* crime—which should be its first duty.

In our society it is the righteous man who trembles before the law, or rather before the millions of laws. The wicked laugh at the law. Conformity makes life miserable for creative minds. Red tape strangles the soul of liberty. Life becomes so bureaucratically restrictive that the monotony must be broken by crime. Federal Judge George L. Hart, being forced by the Supreme Court to release the murderer James W. Killough to kill somebody else, called today's law enforcement "an impossible farce" and Federal Appeals Judge Wilbur K. Miller said, "Nice people have some rights, too!" Since the Supreme Court's decision of 1957 the felony rate has risen 124 per cent in nine years. The murder rate in the United States is five times higher per million than that of the Scandinavian countries.

"Most investigators feel that our procedures have failed sadly (and are) still largely punitive and revengeful," said J. Coleman. Instead of spending billions to track down and jail murderers *after* their victims are dead, the law should have to pay an ounce for prevention. All high-school students should have to be tested psychologically as to their creative and destructive propensities. Creativity would have to be furthered and those who are in danger would have to be treated or sent to islands where there are no weapons, no alcohol, no drugs, only hard work and psychotherapy. This is being done in Scandinavia. The incurably dangerous ones would have to be kept under constant medication. The very tap water in such colonies would have to contain tranquilizers.

In teaching delinquents who sought some thrill in destructiveness, I taught them to regard destruction as cheap and contemptible. Let us tolerate talent. Creation is the difficult, the glorious adventure, contemplation is the experience and the thrill. Not the criminal and the killer, but the creator and contemplator should be free.

—W. JOHN WEILGART, PH.D.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Dr. W. John Weilgart is the author of numerous books, including *What Is Normal?,* a study of standards of normalcy based on United Nations sponsored research in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Dr. Weilgart has done psychotherapy in thirty-seven countries, including the United States, and has done extensive work with juvenile delinquents. He received his Ph.D. at the University of Vienna and has held post-doctoral fellowships at the University of Heidelberg and the University of California. He is presently Associate Professor of Psychology at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

IS THERE NO END TO THIS MADNESS?

CHARLES WHITMAN—his mind a storm of violently conflicting loyalties and hatreds—murders his beloved mother, his beautiful young wife, and in 96 minutes of unrelieved horror, rains death from the clock tower of his college campus.

RICHARD SPECK, the tattooed drifter who had himself branded "Born to Raise Hell," invades the quiet corridors of a student-nurses' dormitory and methodically murders eight young women with a knife he brags has "killed several persons."

HOWARD UNRUH strolls down a peaceful street in Camden, New Jersey, and in 12 minutes takes the lives of 13 people in retaliation for accumulated injustices and insults—real or imaginary.

EARLE NELSON, the San Francisco strangler, emphasizes his need for solitude as he follows the next of his twenty-two victims up the rooming-house stairs.

ERNIE INGENITO—frantic that his estranged wife refuses to let him see his children—builds up an incredible personal arsenal and launches a night of murderous terror.

CHARLES STARKWEATHER takes his 14-year-old girlfriend on a violent journey that leaves 11 victims in its wake. **WILLIAM COOK** kills all five members of the family that stopped to offer help. **MELVIN DAVIS REES** terrorizes the highways in pursuit of female victims. And **MAGDALENA SOLIS**—one of the rare female mass murderers—performs human sacrifices as high priestess of a hideously perverted sex cult.

The madness that gives rise to such acts may defy comprehension, but if society can come to understand the roots of such madness, it will have a valuable tool for weeding it out. This new study of the mass murderer, his motivations and his methods, goes far toward increasing that urgently needed understanding.

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